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THE BYSTANDER DECEMBER 29, 1937.

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FRANCE—*Continued*

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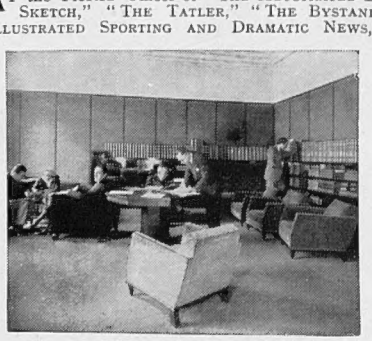

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The Bystander

Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon—Co-Stars

Thursday of next week, January 6th, is the date, the glittering Odeon the place, for the premiere of Merle Oberon's first technicolour film, a comedy salted with satire, called *The Divorce of Lady X.* It puts Laurence Olivier in the position seen here—opposite the star—and the couple were directed by Tim Whelan. The premiere is in aid of the new Westminster Hospital, which Merle Oberon visited before Christmas

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE circumstances of the bombing of the Panay became more atrocious with each new revelation. At first the Japanese swore that they thought the gunboat was Chinese, and denied that they had machine-gunned the survivors from the land or had sent a party on board after the bombing. Then they were forced to admit, by overwhelming evidence of eye-witnesses, that they had machine-gunned and had sent a party on board. But even worse was to come. It was discovered that the Japanese had sent a party on board *before* the bombing. No wonder the United States is apt to be indignant about it all.

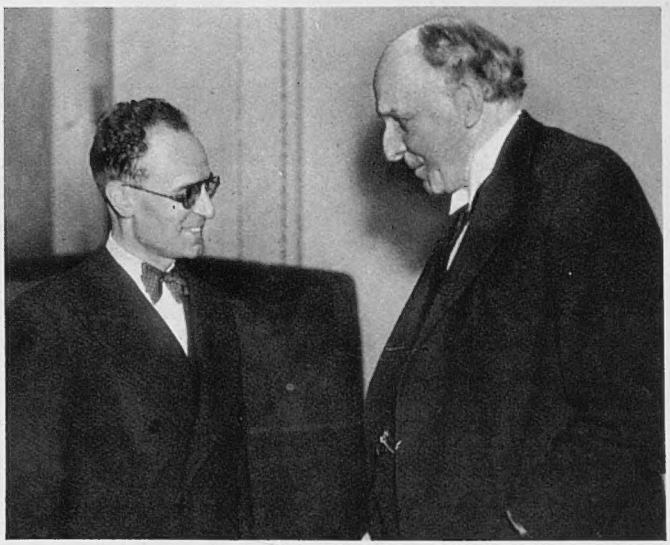
THE most rabid of the isolationist Senators in the United States had an unfortunate bit of bad luck with their timing last week. They came out with flaming denunciations of Great Britain for "trying to get America to pull her chestnuts for her out of the Far Eastern fire," only three days before British sailors were pulling American sailors out of the icy waters of the Yangtse.

THE German newspapers are unanimous (it is odd, by the way, how the newspapers in dictatorship countries always are unanimous) in condemning the British gunboats for being in the Yangtse River at all. If our ships get bombed and machine-gunned and shelled by the troops of a friendly Power, on the river of another friendly Power, when no war has been declared, it is entirely our own fault. That is the line. The German newspapers, again with singular unanimity, refrain from mentioning that the staff of the German Legation in Nanking was extremely glad to take refuge on board a British gunboat.

THE German Government itself lodged a protest at Tokyo against the bombing of the British ship, to which the Legation staff had escaped, but somehow in the general bustle and excitement must have forgotten to pass the news on to its Press. The Italians, on the other hand, have not made any protest against the killing by the Japanese of the unfortunate Italian correspondent. He also, incidentally, had taken refuge on a British ship.

THE House of Commons wound up its autumnal bout of thinking last week with another characteristic bit of Socialist stupidity. On the internal affairs of this country the Socialists have many valuable contributions to make in the House, but the moment foreign policy comes up they seem to lose their heads instantly. In the very middle of the Far Eastern crisis, when the Government ought to have commanded the support of all parties in a critical and anxious moment, the Socialists demanded a full-dress debate on foreign affairs. They have done the same sort of thing before and always emerged with discredit.

IN these days of a sad decline in the noble art of public invective and abuse, which was carried to such magnificent lengths in the heyday of the Irish Parliamentary Party, it is pleasant to be able to record an occasional spark. Sir Stafford Cripps is reported to have referred casually on a platform to Mr. Duff Cooper as "that petulant little pip-squeak."



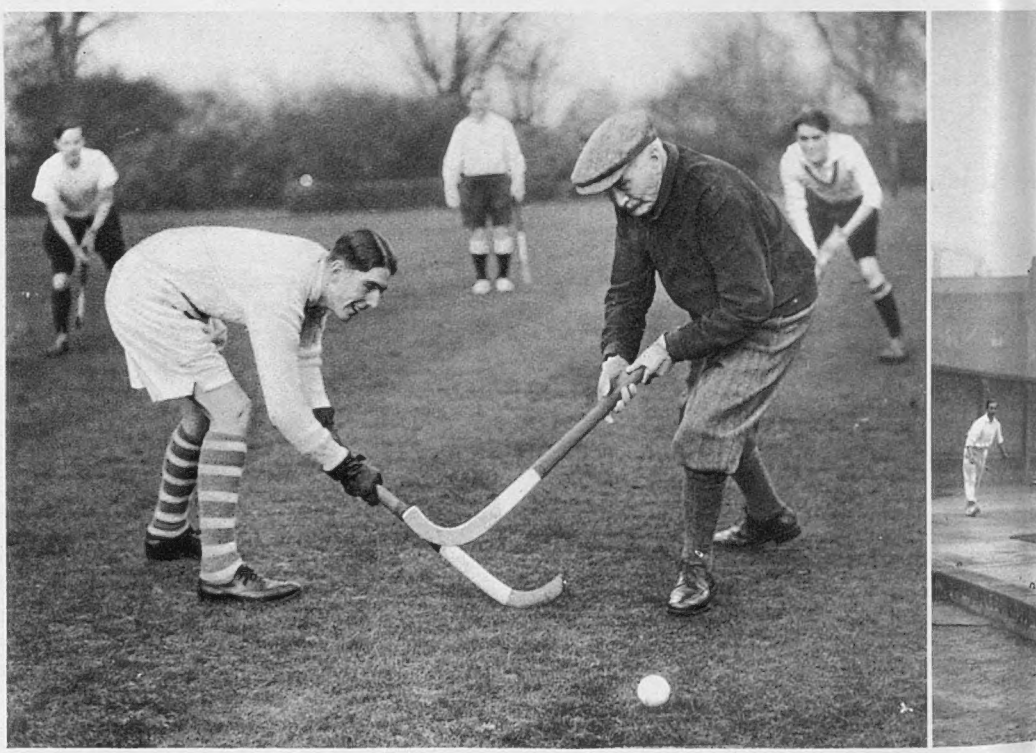
A Reception for Lord Cecil

The International Peace Campaign and the League of Nations Union gave a joint reception at the Dorchester in honour of Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, the Nobel Peace prize-winner. Here he is seen with the French Air Minister, M. Pierre Cot

WITHIN twenty-four hours, two famous men have died. First, Quarter-Master General von Ludendorff was an able administrator, an indifferent strategist, and an extraordinarily skilful taker of other people's laurels. He sprang into fame after the Battle of Tannenberg, which was won by Colonel Hoffmann and General von Francois, and he made the most of his personal chances and simultaneously ruined the German Army. In recent years he came into the limelight again by becoming an ardent pagan, and he has died leaving nothing good behind him.

Mr. Robert Bingham, United States Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, devoted his life to the cause of peace through British-American co-operation. He was the finest type of Southern American gentleman, and his all-too-short period of Ambassadorship will be remembered in the annals of the English-speaking world.

ANTI-BRITISH propaganda continues to be pumped into the Near East and the Middle East from the Italian radio station at Bari. Representations have been made to the Italian



Sticks

Although this picture is entitled "The Bishop of London in play during his annual game for the Old Malburians against Radley," excuse us if we think it was posed before play started. The ball, boots and sticks look too clean. Dr. Ingram will be eighty next month

Gregory shadow Empire.

Government without the smallest effect. As Mr. Noel-Baker said in the House of Commons, amid cheers, "this propaganda is without precedent of any kind and is an intolerable outrage." Incidentally, Signor Mussolini promised quite a while ago, in what was so quaintly called "the gentleman's agreement," that this propaganda should stop.

KARAKHAN, the ex-Assistant Commissar for Foreign Affairs in the Soviet Government, who has just been shot in Moscow, was by far the dressiest of the Russian revolutionaries. Even in the worst of the troubles he maintained the clean collar and the crease down the trouser. He was also a very handsome man, and he detested Chicherin, the sardonic Foreign Minister, for christening him "the beautiful donkey."

AN Exhibition of Chinese Art is to be held at 9, Conduit Street during the last three weeks in January, on behalf of Chinese Medical Relief. The arrangement of the Exhibition is in the hands of experts from the Victoria and Albert Museum, and many famous collectors are lending their treasures. In particular Mr. Eumorfopoulos is lending some of his celebrated porcelain and paintings, some of them acquired so recently that they were not on view in Burlington House in the Chinese Exhibition.

The proceeds of the show in Conduit Street will be devoted to such things as chloroform, ether, and anti-tetanus serum, to be shipped, in order to save time, direct from San Francisco to Hong Kong.

This is an exhibition which ought to be visited for the good of your souls and for the good of Chinese bodies.

AT the *News Chronicle* Educational beano at Dorland House, Mr. A. P. Herbert took the opportunity to point out the remarkable improvement in Oxford's education during the one year in which he has been senior burgess of Oxford University. The lads of his University have won, for the first time for many years, the Boat Race, the cricket match, and the Rugger match.

WE are all agreed that the world is in a pretty fair muddle, what with one thing and another, but I cannot find any justification for people going about and wantonly making it even gloomier and more hideous. On top of all the horrors from China and Spain and Russia and elsewhere comes a snappy little periodical called *The Vegetarian News*, which quotes with enthusiastic approval the following remark by a Liverpudlian medico: "Let us hope that some day one of our public functionaries, such as a Lord Mayor, will effect an innovation in our social proceedings and a foodless, wineless banquet will come into vogue."

NATURE goes lagging along behind Art all the time. The jewel robbery in the Hyde Park hotel is one of the most hackneyed of ancient lines. No reputable author would dare to trot out in 1937 the appointment with a jeweller in a West-End hotel, the blunt instrument, the bash on the head, and the departure with the rings. As for the hooded man who dealt the blow, he is simply absurd. We don't use hooded men any more. They are completely out of date.

WITH the death at seventy-nine of R. H. Macaulay, Eton has lost one of the most famous of her sons. A great jumper, a classic quarter-miler, and the scorer of the winning goal for the Old Etonians in the final of the English Cup, Macaulay was also a first-class scholar. After leaving Cambridge he became a distinguished East India merchant, and after leaving the East he became a famous rock-gardener. Gentiana Macaulayi is almost as celebrated as his quarter-miling.

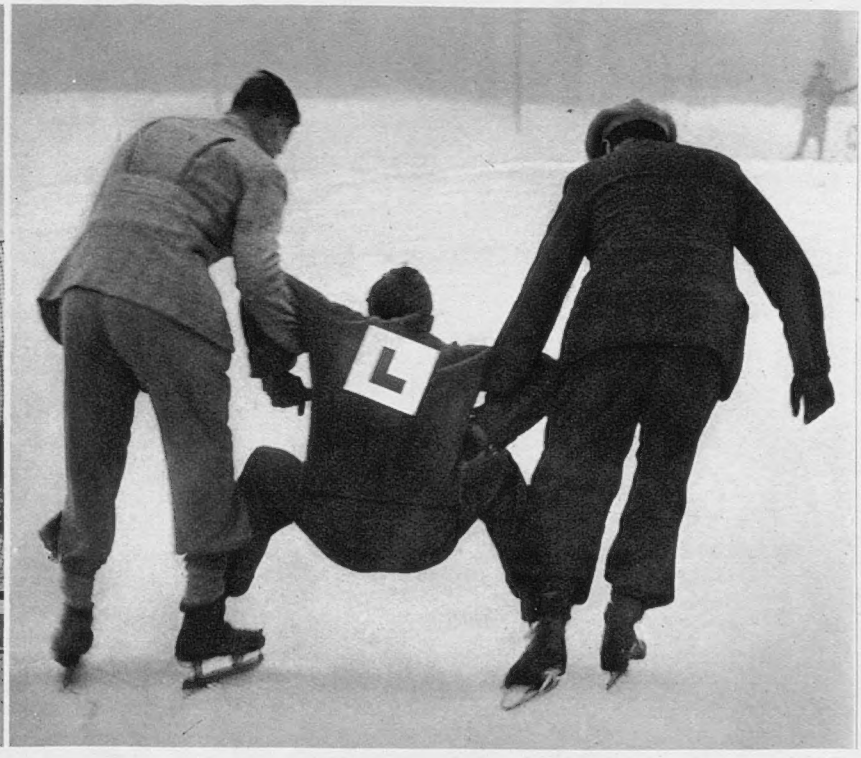
ONCE, years ago, I had a bicker in the public prints with Mr. Henry Longhurst, one of the most eminent of golf writers, which ended in exchanges of mutual expressions of goodwill and esteem. This time, on the subject of trial matches for the Walker Cup team, I am strongly on his side. Mr. Longhurst maintains that a system of trials by match play is always farcical and often unfair. If we must have trials, make them medal play and admit that a man who holes the course in 74 strokes but would have lost his match has played better than another man who has holed in 78 but would have won his match. The classic farce in a trial was when the Cambridge captain once selected seven men and set two others to play a match for the eighth and last place in the team. The two played so well that the captain kept them both and chucked out the unhappy No. 7.

THE sudden return to form of O'Reilly, the famous Australian bowler, is not going to improve our prospects in the Test Matches this year. If it is a season of true, hard wickets, who is going to get the great Mr. Bradman out? And if it is a wet year and the wickets are broken, no one is likely to face O'Reilly with any great confidence.

I WISH you all a Happy New Year, and I hope that in 1938 we shall have fewer wars than in 1937.

Strokes

is at the new all-weather wicket laid down at the Oval under the of the gasworks so dear to cricket fans throughout the The pitch takes two wickets and is made of concrete

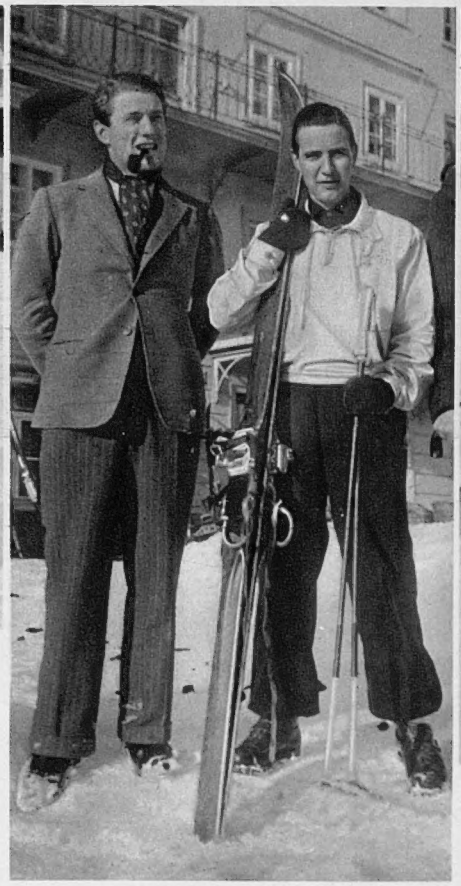


Skates

This is the funny side of the wintry conditions that put communications out of joint throughout central Scotland and sent skiers on to the slopes as far south as Derbyshire. The learner in the picture comes from Perth

Cambridge Casualty on Tow

Mr. Joe Cunningham, the Cambridge captain, injured himself so severely he could take no part in the Universities' winter sports match. His sleigh-ride was in control of Miss Mary Rose (Cambridge), the only woman entrant. This is the first year women have been eligible to compete



Mr. Barry Heath is a Cambridge ski-er; Mr. Paul Gallegos is an honorary member of both Universities' ski clubs and acted as "factotum" to both teams

Arnold and Raymond brothers who are up Universities' match these pages went to

In Switzerland for Christmas

Oxford and Cambridge at Davos, First Arrivals at St. Moritz

Mme. Bernard Wooq de Rustem

Took her spaniels for a walk from her mother's chalet, Villa Nimet, at St. Moritz. She is the daughter of Mrs. Chandos-Pole and sister of Mr. John Chandos-Pole, of Radbourne Hall

Mr. and Mrs. Nothman

The "Bobbie" Nothmans were married recently. He is master of ceremonies at the Corviglia Club; she was Yvonne Grey, one of the original Monte Carlo Follies

Mrs. John Moffat

Took a look at St. Moritz from the balcony of her room, having just arrived by the Engadine Express from Paris, where she and her Scottish husband live

Burton are twin at Cambridge. The was in progress as press last week

Herr Toni Pilcher is a Davos expert who helped to train both teams. Oxford had Willi Valsch, the Austrian champion, as their own coach

Mr. Peter Laing was a member of the Oxford team for the langlauf, the eighteen-mile cross-country race, which took place last Tuesday

Mr. Peter Ettinger was at Cambridge and now runs the Davos ski shop. Mr. Daniel Sykes has taken a chalet at Davos and another at Kitzbühl for later in the season

Mrs. Govett and Capt. Rutherford

Mrs. Leonard Govett always has amusing and original winter sports clothes. She had just arrived, and so had Captain D'Arcy Rutherford, who was on his way to Monte Carlo

Herr Hans Badrutt

The famous hotelier is one of the few people in St. Moritz to be seen in ordinary clothes. His hotel is the Palace

Mr. and Mrs. Francois-Lyon

The Claude Francois-Lyons motored from London. Mrs. Lyon, who is the daughter of Mrs. Fitzroy Lyon, is a Gold Medallist skater; her husband is French-Swiss

Social Register

CHARITY BALL—CHRISTMAS-TREE VARIATION

Lady Victoria Scott and Mr. Channon

Lady Victoria Scott and Mr. "Chips" Channon were two of the large party who went to the Christmas-Tree Ball with Lady Diana Cooper, the chairman. The Ball, which had a Bavarian Christmas theme, was at the Dorchester, and was in aid of St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden

A WEDDING IN LONDON

Mr. Dick Thornton and Miss Rosemary Cohen

Dick Henry Brewster Thornton and Joan Rosemary Cohen were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the elder son of the late T. B. Thornton and Mrs. Thornton, of 31, Norfolk Street, Mayfair; she is the daughter of the late Arthur Cohen and Mrs. Cohen, of 29, Great Cumberland Place, W.

Lord and Lady Moore

Lord and Lady Moore were also at the Christmas-Tree Ball at the Dorchester

A WEDDING IN THE COUNTRY

The Hon. Richard William Heribert Peter Lyon-Dalberg-Acton, the late Lord and Lady Acton's younger son, married Jill Ehlert at St. John's, Bridgnorth. She is the only daughter of the late Hugo Ehlert and Mrs. Ehlert. A reception was afterwards held at Aldenham Park, Bridgnorth, the home of the bridegroom's brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady Acton

Lenare

Mr. Lyon-Dalberg-Acton and Miss Ehlert

Charles John Howell Seely was christened at Christ Church, Down Street. Here he is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Seely; she was Isabella Rieben before her marriage this year to Sir Hugh Seely's younger brother. The god-parents were Mr. John Ramsden, Mr. John Musker and Miss Prudence Lowe

A CHRISTENING

Charles John Howell Seely and His Parents

Sir William Becher and Lady Fraser

Lady Fraser is Sir Keith Fraser's wife; she was with Sir William Becher, a twenty-two-year-old baronet who comes from Co. Cork and lives in Sussex. They were at the Blue Bird Ball

CHARITY BALL—BLUE BIRD VARIATION

Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell

Were also at Claridges for the Blue Bird Ball, a charity annual in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Their son was christened about three weeks ago

Mr. Daniel and Lady Diana Dixon

Were out together one evening just before Christmas. They were married four years ago, and have a son aged two and a daughter born a month or two ago

CHARITY BALL—NEWNHAM COLLEGE VARIATION

Lord and Lady Trent

Left: Lady Trent, who is with her husband, was chairman of the ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Newnham College Building Fund

RESTAURANT TALK IN LONDON

Right: Sir Thomas and Lady Cook were at the Café de Paris together. He is the Member for North Norfolk

Sir Thomas and Lady Cook

HUNT BALL TALK IN WARWICKSHIRE

Left: Lieut.-Com. and Mrs. J. M. FitzRoy-Newdegate were at the Atherstone Hunt Ball, at which their eldest daughter Anne came out. He is the son of the Speaker

HUNT BALL TALK IN HAMPSHIRE

Right: Lady Smiley and Captain Christopher Jeffreys were at the Hampshire Hunt Ball at the Guildhall, Winchester. Captain Jeffreys' wife, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, is Lord Normanton's youngest sister

Wedding Group at Burghley House

Lord Hotham had Capt. E. H. Goulburn, Grenadier Guards, as his best man. Lady Winifred Cecil had two grown-up bridesmaids, the Hon. Catherine Hotham, the bridegroom's sister (left), and Lady Romayne Cecil, her own sister. The four child bridesmaids were the Hon. Davina Cecil, Sarah Hugh-Smith, Jean Kennedy, and Mary Clare Falkiner, and the six pages were Andrew Herbert, Andrew Hugh-Smith, Mark Brocklehurst, George Lane-Fox, Derek Forbes and David Montgomery

The Hotham — Cecil Wedding at Stamford

Lord Hotham, of Dalton Hall, Beverley, Yorks., and Lady Letitia Sibell Winifred Cecil were married at St. Martin's, Stamford, by the Bishop of Blackburn, with a reception afterwards at Burghley House. Lady Winifred Cecil is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, and a lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester; her brother, Lord Burghley, married the Duchess's sister, Lady Mary Scott, eight years ago. She wore an off-white satin dress, her bridesmaids wore gold lamé with red sashes, and her pages were in crimson velvet jackets and cream velvet trousers

The Duchess of Gloucester, Lord Burghley and Lord Exeter

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 52
Cicely Courtneidge

CICELY COURTNEIDGE must be a good comic, because she is so good in pathos and tragedy. Look at Charlie Chaplin in *City Lights*. . . . Beatrice Lillie's friends are inclined to say that Cicely has borrowed a great deal from her. And, indeed, that is a statement which it is hard to refute. Most great writers, however, have borrowed from their predecessors, and where would W. C. Fields have been without the inimitable Harry Tate? Bea Lillie or no Bea Lillie, Miss Courtneidge was inevitably destined for the stage. Her mother, grandmother, aunt and grandfather were all in show business. And we all have admired Robert Courtneidge, her father. As for Cicely herself, she was born in the midst of the run of *Esmeralda* at Oscar Asche's father's hotel in Sydney, Australia. (Hence her carefully concealed second name of Esmeralda.) And she met Jack Hulbert, her husband, in the stage box at a Brighton theatre when the lanky, long-chinned Cantab had been signed up on a two-year contract by her father—their first joint appearance being in *Pearl Girl*. Previously she had been educated in all sorts of schools in Westcliffe, London and Lausanne; and had been carried on as a toy doll at the age of four in *Beauty and the Beast*; and had been taught dancing for two years by Teddy Royce until the tears streamed down her cheeks; and joined *The Arcadians* after it had been running a year. It was just after she finally married Jack and they were living in a most expensive flat in Portland Court that their show, *The Light Blues*, folded in three weeks instead of running the minimum war-time run of six months. And Jack went off to the War and there she was, high and dry. First she thought the managers would come to her; then she thought that maybe they didn't know she wanted a job; then she decided to write, just en passant; then she had to get down to cases and ask for interviews. These were charming but led to nothing. No manager would look at her professionally. To document this, they included Grossmith, Charlot, Laurrilard, Malone and Stoll. She couldn't even get a date on the halls. Finally her father staked her to her own company at Colchester. Here she did three cameos—a flying officer, an army nurse in a ward, and a dainty soubrette, complete with parasol and Ascot frock. This was a big success. Agents came and saw her and in a week she opened at the Victoria Palace with a six-year contract at so many hundreds a week that you 'd be surprised. If she hadn't felt so lonely those contracts would have kept her business from that day almost to this. But she felt so triste that she asked to be released (poetry), had her way and promptly opened in a flop, *Ring Up*. So she went back on the halls again for a year with Peter Haddon as her partner.

The turning-point came with Charlot's *Pot Luck* in which she played Bea Lillie's part on tour—and several others. She then stayed in revue for years—the *Little Revue*, and so on. The next break came with films. Forgetting that appalling picture, *Elstree Calling*, she went from success to success—*Jack 's the Boy*, *Soldiers of the King* ("There 's Something About a Soldier")—for seven years. Now she 's delighted to be back on the stage in *Hide and Seek*, at the Hippodrome. For she hates giving out and getting nothing back. She is feminine enough to like applause—aren't we all?

CICELY COURTNEIDGE talks so fast that she makes her voice crack. She is impulsive, generous (she 's giving 300 Christmas presents this year) restless, punctual, but hates getting up in the morning. When she gets angry her nostrils dilate, her gestures become emphatic, she almost shouts and she finally goes off like a squib. It is inefficiency which annoys her most, and she has no sense of humour about her work. She can't bear people fooling around when they are supposed to be on the job. She herself only gags when she knows her part inside out.

She and Jack have still 997 of their 999 years lease of 28, Curzon Street left. They also have a farm in Hertfordshire where they have ten or a dozen guests every week-end. On Christmas night they always have thirty-seven people to dinner. And not many people can boast that they have thirty-six intimate friends. Cicely Courtneidge likes hot sunshine. Servant trouble depresses her. Strangers scare her. Steak and kidney pudding appeals to her. So does junk jewellery.

Charles Graves

Sketches by Rouson

Bunch of suspects: Mullet (Hugh E. Wright), Viscount Sorrington (Athole Stewart), Troy (Anthony Bushell) and Miss Rogers (Barbara Francis)

Gent who requires murdering four times over — and gets it: Count Victor Mattoni (Eric Maturia)

Old favourites of the modern stage. Old-fashioned detective and Hendon police graduate: George Merritt and Alec Clunes

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"I Killed the Count" (Whitehall)

Act I. covers familiar ground. An Italian Count (only a foreigner) has been found shot in his West End service flat. The divisional inspector (an old hand) and his assistant detective (a young one) have arrived upon the scene. The types inhabiting or attending adjacent apartments are being called in one by one for cross-examination. You probably know the sort of thing.

A service-flat bedmaker (comic) who wants to get on with her beds, please. A service-flat manager (eccentric) whose odd comportment is probably pre-natal rather than post-mortem. A blonde film actress (sexy) who flaunts her fascinations. A dark girl (with something on her mind) who has a pressing appointment to keep. A business man called away from fixing up a deal. A good-looking American who says the Count was blackmailing him. A very rum liftman, and another liftman not so rum. A suave, elderly member of the House of Lords.

Which, if any? Who could possibly guess? You go out for your first drink feeling that you have seen something not at all unlike this not at all a long time ago.

Act II. springs surprises. The good-looking American confesses. He killed the Count at 11 p.m. He starts his story of the crime. There is a flash-back. At the close of the flash-back the good-looking American and the Count struggle and the Count is shot dead. So that was it, was it?

Apparently not necessarily. For now the suave, elderly member of the House of Lords confesses. He killed the Count at midnight. He starts *his* story of the crime. There is another flash-back. At the close of this flash-back the suave, elderly member of the House of Lords and the Count struggle, and the Count is shot dead. Can this Count, who appears to have been living a double life, have had two lives to lose?

Hebrew business man about to close a deal: Samuel Diamond, Limited (Antony Holles)

Or can he have had three? For now the very rum liftman confesses. *He* killed the Count at 1 a.m. There is a third flash-back. At the close of the third flash-back the very rum liftman and the Count struggle and the Count is shot dead.

After which, what is a poor playgoer to do but go out and have another drink, and admit that he has never seen any other mystery play in the least like this before?

Act III.—but Act III. I must not give away. Perhaps I have given away too much already, since so much depends on the unexpectedness of the Count's triple demise. But you will still want to know the solution—and you will be pleased to be assured that, instead of plunging you into complete confusion, like the solutions of so many mystery plays, this one clears everything up in a most ingenious and satisfactory way. Mr. Alec Coppel, the author, may claim to have given us the most original mystery play since *Ten-Minute Alibi*.

As for the acting, since there are thirteen parts, and all of these parts are well played, perhaps the soundest and certainly the least tedious thing will be to congratulate Mr. Reginald Tate, the producer. The team-work is first-rate, and the show as a whole an excellent choice for boys home for the holidays who have said farewell to fairyland and are welcoming the underworld instead.

Henson into Shakespeare

A Transformation in Progress

This portrait of Shakespeare by Henson, after the Leicester Square statue, was part of the Royal Matinée before Christmas at the Winter Garden. In *Queen Elizabeth to Elizabeth the Queen* Leslie Henson had the musical comedy part of the programme to devise and produce, and he himself appeared in various characterisations. On the more serious side of the programme Shakespeare walked the boards with Edmund Gwenn underneath his make-up. The Matinée was held in aid of King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses

The Finished Article, After the Statue in Leicester Square

Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are in a Film Together

Hollywood did something quite new setting these two stars to shine together, and, at that in a film with no big love interest. *Stage Door* is from the Edna Ferber-George S. Kaufman play and tells the old tale of a struggle on and off Broadway — would-be actresses fighting for jobs, for a producer's favour, for fame and their names in bright lights on a theatre's façade. Katharine Hepburn is the stage-struck rich girl who leaves home to find her own way to success; Ginger Rogers is a girl she meets in an off-Broadway boarding-house; the producer who likes young actresses to like him is Adolphe Menjou. The clash of personality between the two girls gives the film its flavour. Gregory La Cava directed it, and it is due for a London showing any time now

Films of the Day

Garbo's Film is Boyer's Success

By George Campbell

HISTORY records that Marie Walewska was (*a*) the faithful wife of a Polish patriot, and (*b*) one of Napoleon's girl-friends. How the Marie of the first part merges into the Marie of the second part supplies the motif for *Marie Walewska*, the new £700,000 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spectacle, with Greta Garbo as the Countess and Charles Boyer as Napoleon.

Now a £700,000 picture is no quickie. I don't think I was unreasonable in expecting something pretty colossal, and up to a point, Clarence Brown, the director, delivers the goods. The cast is terrific, the sets are up to the best M.-G.-M. gold standard, Cossacks charge through marble halls, and the Grande Armée retreats from Moscow.

So far so good. If *Marie Walewska* falls down anywhere it is in the story. The Garbo we meet in reel one is a cold, repressed creature married to a nobleman in the seventies. When her husband's friends urge that at all costs Napoleon must be induced to sympathise with the cause of Poland (then under the heel of Russia), she reluctantly agrees to make the Supreme Sacrifice, only to emerge from the embraces of the Emperor horrified and disgusted.

Devotion to duty and all that sort of thing drives her on. Napoleon launches out on a little monologue explaining how lonely he is, and misunderstood, and before we know where we are, there they are in each other's arms again, with the Countess now putting her heart in her work and her best foot foremost, so to speak. The transition from repulsion to love is too abrupt for belief, and the weakness of this major premise naturally weakens the rest of the story.

THIS apart, *Marie Walewska* is a thundering good picture, lavish, opulent, and at times exciting, with some remarkably fine acting where it is most needed — by Charles Boyer as the Emperor. Garbo simply does a Garbo, and lets it go at that, but Boyer's performance is really magnificent. In picture after picture he has shown high intelligence, subtlety, power and charm, and here he gives the best performance, because the most difficult, of his distinguished career. To out-act the Garbo is no mean feat, but dominate her he certainly does. *Marie Walewska* is his picture.

The support is first-rate. Maria Ouspenskaya contributes a brilliant study of Marie's half-mad sister-in-law, Reginald Owen is a shrewd, sly Talleyrand, and other important rôles are well played by Henry Stephenson, Dame May Witty and George Zucco.

JUST what Tooting and Peebles will make of *Ali Baba Goes to Town* I really don't know. Practically nothing, I imagine, so far as the political satire is concerned. From the American point of view it was a good idea to transport Eddie Cantor to tenth-century Baghdad, have him mistaken for Ali Baba, and show him reforming the Caliphate according to the principles of the New Deal. I, for one, enjoyed the wisecracks at the expense of the Supreme Court, useless public relief works, a bonus for army veterans who will take it anyway, Mrs. Roosevelt's broadcasting, and so forth. Anyone not interested in the lighter side of American politics will have to find compensation in the singing and dancing, rather below the usual Cantor standard; and I doubt if it will prove quite adequate.

AN old childhood friend turns up again, stap me if he don't, in *The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel*. In earlier epics, Sir Percy was engaged in saving French aristos from the guillotine. Here he is kept pretty busy saving Lady Blakeney and himself, plus his old enemy Chauvelin and a Revolutionary leader or two with whom Robespierre happens to be cross at the moment. How he walks through the Revolutionary forces as a deaf general, as the driver of the tumbril taking his wife to execution, and (as a last brilliant stratagem, when the police have pictures of his disguises) by masquerading as himself, makes an amusing Christmas entertainment for the kiddies which you may enjoy, in a slightly shamefaced way, yourself. Barry Barnes gives a smooth performance as Sir Percy Blakeney, Francis Lister (Chauvelin), Henry Oscar (Robespierre), and Allan Jeayes (a judge), all give notably good performances, and supporting rôles are played competently by Margaretta Scott, Sophie Stewart, James Mason, O. B. Clarence, and Anthony Bushell. Hans Schwartz directed.

FRED MACMURRAY is one of the handsomest and most likeable of American stars; Carole Lombard is Joan Crawford's chief rival in the affections of the American typist who sees one or the other as the glass of fashion or the mould of form. They are cast opposite each other in *True Confession*, one of those hard-boiled comedies, with romantic trimmings, in which Hollywood specialises. The stars are both effective, but the player who steals the picture is John Barrymore. The years that have robbed him of the magic of his profile have given him a genius for eccentric characterisation, and his criminologist and blackmailer in *True Confession* will be remembered as one of the finest bravura performances of the year.

Talleyrand, the Countess and Napoleon in "Marie Walewska"

Reginald Owen gives a polished performance as the "sly fox," Talleyrand, Garbo is Garbo as Marie Walewska, Charles Boyer shows again what a fine actor he is as Napoleon. The film, which is produced on the grand Hollywood scale, is reviewed here and runs at the Empire

Snapshots for the Family Album

Mildred Lady Oranmore and Browne and Her Five Children

Mildred, Lady Oranmore and Browne has a devoted quintette—Patricia, Brigid, Dominick, Martin and Judith Browne. Eight-year-old Dominick is the heir with the same name as his father, who is now married to the first Mrs. Philip Kindersley—Oonagh Guinness

Mrs. Gordon Claridge and Ann

Mrs. Gordon Claridge escorts Ann to every party. They are the wife and daughter of the proprietor of "The News Review," and have one of those nice new houses in Trafalgar Square, Chelsea. Mrs. Claridge's sister is Mrs. Aubrey Raphael and their respective children are very devoted

Lady Veronica Hornby and Mariette

Lady Veronica Hornby and her daughter Mariette are as devoted as they are alike to look at. One of the best-dressed women in England, Lady Veronica insists on ankle-length party dresses for Mariette who is among the least blasée, most intelligent of confirmed conjuror fans

Mrs. Jock Wilson and Sarah Jane

Mrs. Jock Wilson has a dark-haired baby daughter, Sarah Jane. The Wilsons, who live in Chelsea, were married in 1936. He is the son and heir of Sir James Wilson, of Invertrossachs, Perthshire, and she was Zoë Orr, a North Berwick beauty

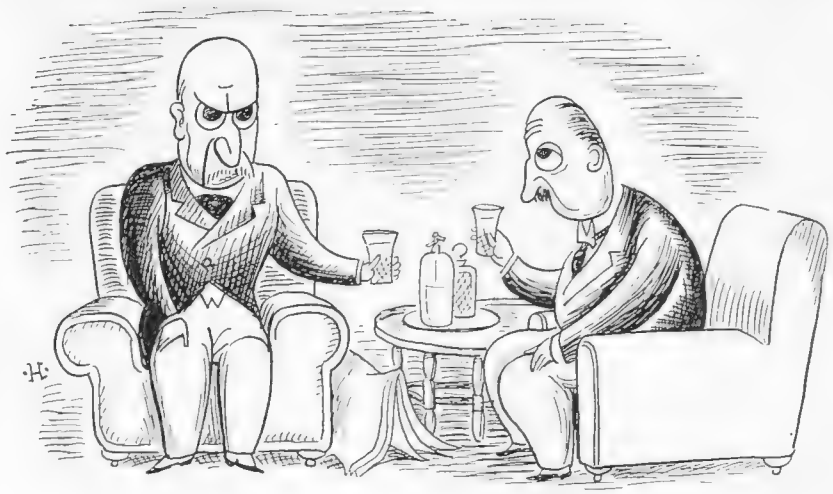
Mrs. Roger Thornycroft and Sally

Mrs. Roger Thornycroft is one of the young mothers who do the children's party season thoroughly. She had just secured a halo hat from a cracker for Sally, at Lady Horlick's party. Mrs. Thornycroft was formerly Miss "Moo" Fenwick

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" Well, all the worst "

HOTFOOT on the triumph of Fusilier Garraway, the Army's ace cook, who was only recently displacing a herd of actresses and performing dogs on the picture-pages, comes the official announcement that the Navy is short of trained cooks. This may mean that the Admiralty is merely giving a big hello to Mr. Duff Cooper, Mr. Hore-Belisha having brought the Army menu nearer to that of the Savoy than anyone believed possible, or it may mean that cooking at sea is losing its glamour and mystery. You know the old one about Sea-Pie Day—the day when the skipper carefully places his slippers on a shelf? Not having dined aboard ship (liners excepted) since the War we wouldn't know if this still holds, but it 's our impression that the Navy doesn't make quite such a fuss about its food as the Army does. Worcestershire Sauce on bread with cocoa was what a friend of ours used to live on for days on end in the North Sea. It 's true that the cocoa was a four-course meal in itself and you could stand a spoon in it, upright.

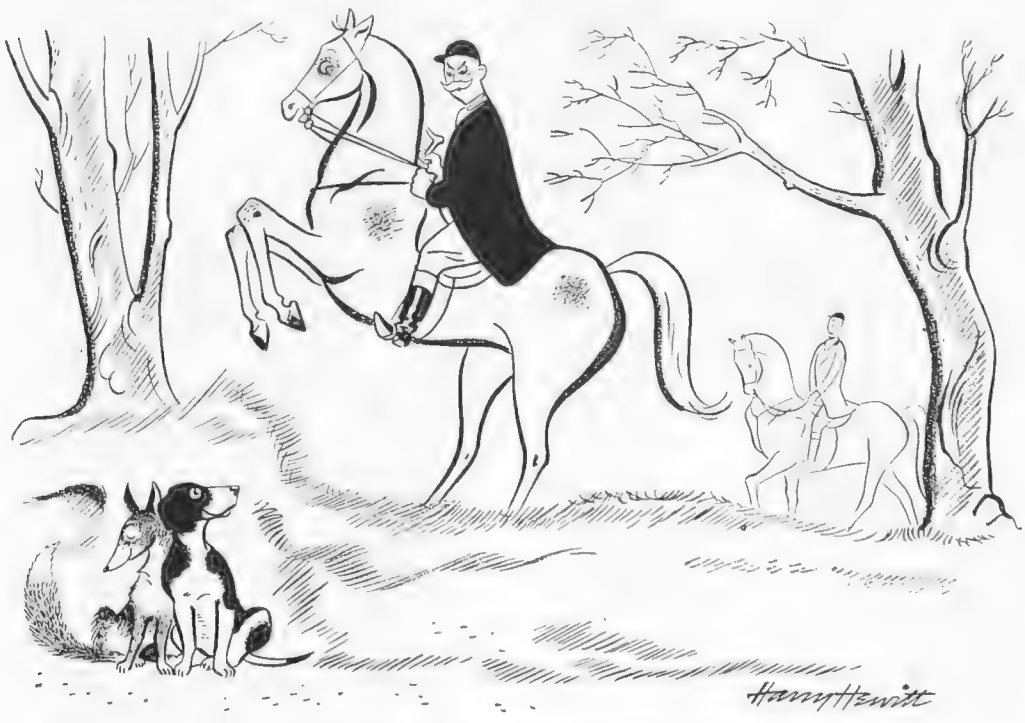
Liners have a curious obsession about food. They hate to think that there 's ever a moment day or night when the human stomach isn't full to bursting. After a fifty-item breakfast, they keep popping round anxiously with cups of soup or coffee, at intervals before luncheon, to make certain nobody 's dropped dead of starvation under their nose, and between luncheon (100 items) and dinner (250 items) they bring round a slap-up tea to restore the tissues. A good story might be made out of half-a-dozen people cast away on a liner and uncertain whether the food supplies would hold out for more than fifty years.

Incidentally, the best crack about sea-cookery is still that indignant remark of the first mate to the unwashed cook in the W. W. Jacobs story: " You seem to think the cooking keeps you clean! "

Pattern

WHILE the million-circulation Press, with perhaps one exception, was going haywire over the recent private visit of the King of the Belgians to Welbeck Abbey, and giving (as the Duke complained) a typical display of brash manners with front-page splash " romance " stories practically marrying the King on the spot, Auntie *Times* behaved like a gentlewoman. Taking an occasional playful crack at the starchy old wench as we do, we 're the first to admit that in matters of this kind her breeding is always faultless. During the whole of the Windsor upheaval last year she never once lapsed from calmness and dignity. Her position in Fleet Street is rather like that of an elderly spinster of good family sipping tea in one corner of a noisy four-ale bar on Bank Holiday night. It 's hardly to be wondered at that so many foreigners suppose her to be the mouthpiece of the British Government, except that she 's much more of a lady than the Government ever will be, *and* uses better English.

Laying this posy of simple wild-flowers on the doorstep at Printing House Square, we may add that one more thing we admire Auntie unreservedly for is her conduct of ecclesiastical news. She gave Archbishop " Plum " Warner the other day the same position and size of type (No. 1—prelates', admirals', and generals') for a letter on Spin-Bowling in Test Matches as she gave an ordinary Bishop a few days previously for a letter of equal length on the Authorised Version of the English Bible. This shows that Auntie's sense of values is accurate, and British to the core.



" This won't do, Harkaway; this won't do "

Red Ears at Sunset

SCARED of Manchester, like everybody else, the Lord Chief Justice gave it a lot of nervous, soothing pats at a recent Mancunian dinner in London, saying what a fine burg it was and how its sincere and noble citizens hate humbug. Lord Hewart frankly made our ears red with embarrassment, and we imagine the citizens of Manchester are sniffing their contempt at this moment. It was like a Helot making a fawning speech about Athens, we thought. Manchester has always esteemed itself to be the head city and captain-ground of the universe, knowing its citizens to be finer and stronger and cleverer and more holy than any others, with thicker eyebrows and bigger hats, and it looks down on London and all other places below the Mason-Dixon Line with ineffable hauteur. And it 's quite right. They 're such stout characters, bound with

triple brass, that they don't even flinch from the *Manchester Guardian*, England's Nonconformist Aunt, compared with whom Auntie *Times* is a naughty little Parisian grisette saying "Oh, là là!"

Even Arnold Bennett, as cocky a Midlander as they're made, was cowed by Manchester, and especially by the deafening clatter amid which its redoubtable citizens eat and talk and think the superior thoughts England will try and think to-morrow. You see we're just as frightened as anybody. When in Manchester we always make a point of running down Athens, Rome, Vienna, Budapest, New York, and Paris, calling them nasty, dirty, gloomy, rain-sodden, conceited provincial places, odious to visit and packed with morons, and we find it's as good a get-out as any. They approve that sort of thing, so far as they can approve of anything not said by a citizen of Manchester. We don't think a Lord Chief Justice of England ought to humble himself so publicly, however.

Big Boy

MOST quietly absorbing news-story of 1937, in our estimation, is one we've just had sent us in a clipping from a Dubuque, Iowa, paper about a Mr. A. Dean Lindsay, who last June called at the Irwin County, Ga., courthouse and filed a general warranty original-claim deed to the sun, moon, stars, and all unclaimed oceans in the world. "No man," Mr. Lindsay said proudly to an interviewer afterwards, "will ever again have the power to hold so much property, so much wealth." But he did not forget the claims of philanthropy. In August he drew up his will, bequeathing "that portion of my property commonly called 'the moon' and situate in 'Lindsay's Archipelago' (commonly called 'the sky') to all persons bearing the name of Lindsay and their heirs for ever," and the rest of his celestial holdings to the Human Race. Finally, Mr. Lindsay advertised for sale the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans, and found (says the Dubuque newspaper) immediate buyers in Francis W. Hanley, of Pittsburgh, Albert E. Anstis of the same city, and Mrs. Flora Fischer, of New York, respectively.

D'ye Ken?

KEEPING a bleary eye on a recent controversy touching the celebrated John Peel, to the strains of whose praise the purple-faced hunting boys and girls bump each other with great verve annually at Hunt Balls, we were relieved to find a member of the Reform Club coming forward to clear Peel's character. It had been freely alleged that John Peel in his spare time was a shepherd employed by the Lowther family. The Reform Club member proved this to be a wicked lie, his maternal grandmother having known Peel personally. John Peel wasn't a shepherd, he was a yeoman, so everybody can go on singing. It had cropped up previously during the discussion that when Peel wasn't hunting he was drinking, so he was obviously of better class than a shepherd. Shepherds have to keep very sober to be able to count sheep.

So we can now get John Peel properly in focus, and his coat so gray (not "gay"). He was a mixture of his fellow North-Countryman James Pigg in *Handley Cross* and Farmer Springwheat in *Mr. Sponge*. You don't have to mix much with hunting people to guess that he was permanently devoured with hate, hating venomously in this order: (1) the Master, (2) all members of the Hunt, and (3) all strangers, bespattering all with oaths and mud and blasphemies, and spending his days in a passion of ungovernable rage and fear. And you can be sure that the leathery ladies who rode with Mr. Peel gave him as good as he got in public insults and private backbitings, for in every Hunt the women are the most terrible. It is for this reason that hunting men never hesitate to describe them publicly and often in their presence, by that English word of five letters which Somerset Maugham says no gentleman ever uses about a woman except in private.

Footnote to Above

AS with dons, so when we say "hunting people" we don't mean all the hunting people there are. There has just passed from the hunting-field, where he met his death, a rider as fearless and eager and straight at the age of seventy-five as a boy one-third his age; who added charm and kindness and dignity to courage, and connoisseurship to all four—Percival Griffiths, who hunted with the Whaddon Chase for half a lifetime, and whose collection of Carolean, Jacobean, and early Augustan English furniture and domestic objets-d'art at his Hertfordshire house is the finest in Europe, probably. As good a sportsman as the great Michael Hardey in *Handley Cross*, and a cultivated mind, in addition. Surtees should have known him.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Follow that man"

With the Services (13)

The Navy—Motor Torpedo Boats

The Motor Torpedo Boat, descendant in this country of the Coastal Motor Boat of the last War, is one of the most spectacular types of vessel the Navy possesses. Experts demand an ultimate speed of fifty to sixty knots for M.T.B.s: what the Navy's present type of boat can do they don't talk about, but whatever it is it churns the sea into very photogenic spray. The M.T.B. insignia — a flying fish with a scorpion's tail — illustrates the speed and attacking power of these vessels which carry two torpedoes and discharge them from the stern. More pictures are on the next two pages

Norman Parkinson

Looking Astern—the Officer in Command and an Officer Under Instruction "On the Bridge"

Full Speed Ahead, and the Spray Glitters Like Tossed Diamonds

Tearing the Sunlit Solent to Tatters

Motor Torpedo Boats

(Continued)

This type of Motor Torpedo Boat, sixty feet in length, has three 500-h.p. Napier Lion engines, and carries two eighteen-inch torpedoes and anti-aircraft armament. The latter—a four-barrelled Lewis gun at bow and stern—were not in place when these pictures were taken. The torpedoes are fired by the Scott-Paine patent stern discharge, sliding down inclined rails. The crew of eight includes the officer in command, a lieutenant or sub-lieutenant. A flotilla of M.T.B.s consists of six boats, and of the three flotillas planned, one is already in Malta. In the Mediterranean are also the famous "M.A.S." boats of the Italian Navy—about the same size as the British M.T.B., and reported to have a speed well over fifty knots

Right: the Officer in Command

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

"London Rhapsody"

George Black's Show at the Home of English Variety — the Palladium

Photographs by John Everard

1. House full. Late comers have small chance of getting a seat at these crowded laughing shows, not one of which has been a failure

2. Knox and Nervo heckle the mock melodrama from a box. The heckling act is a regular item of the crazy gang's repertoire

3. Bud Flanagan, author of "Oi!", wise-cracking with his partner, Allen, in the skit on milk bars, fifth of the sixteen scenes

4. The Geo. Mackintosh four are a dancing team headed by old George Mackintosh (on right), a clog-dancing ex-champion

5. Three of the "Six Broken Blossoms" are Knox, Allen and Naughton as flower women "In the Shadow of Eros"

6. An action shot of the Broken Blossoms going into their dance, including a Cockney · Can - Can

7. Adagio by the Ganjou Brothers and Juanita is one of the several strong supporting acts to the crazy gang's lunabatics

8. Chesney Allen is chairman in the reconstruction of an old-time music hall, with Harry Champion, a top-liner in the 'nineties

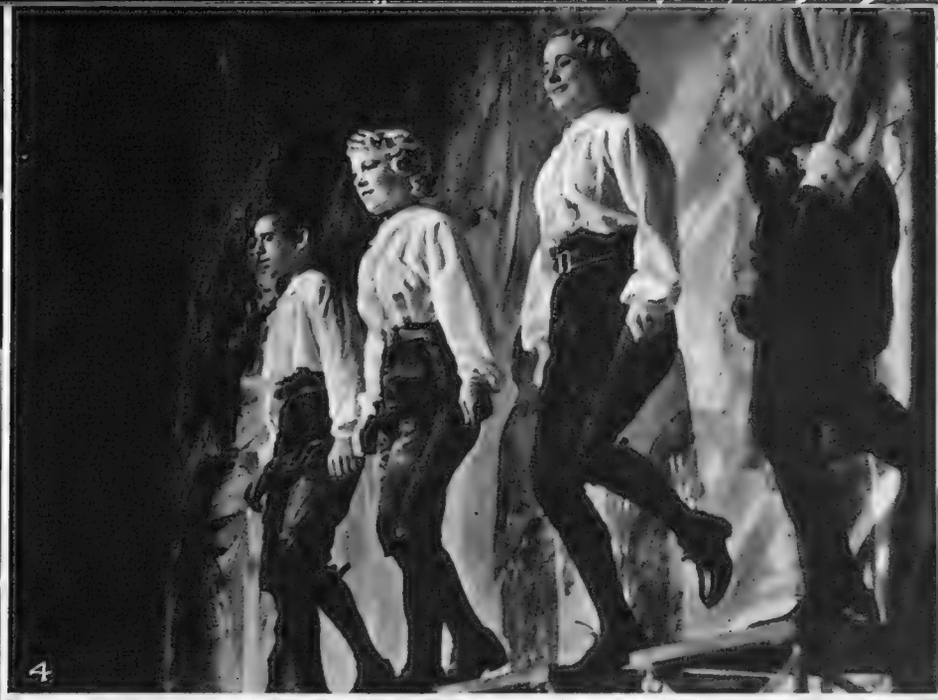
9. Men behind the scenery—some of the stage hands, who, twice nightly, effect the many elaborate changes of scene

10. "Youth," a show within a show, is one of the biggest scenes. The nude in the picture mustn't move, otherwise the Censor will ban her

11. Teddy Knox, as a Life Guard, sits his property horse with martial bearing. Jimmy Nervo has a similar mount

12. The Palladium orchestra acts stooge on numerous occasions to the gang's ebullience, which often crosses the footlights

3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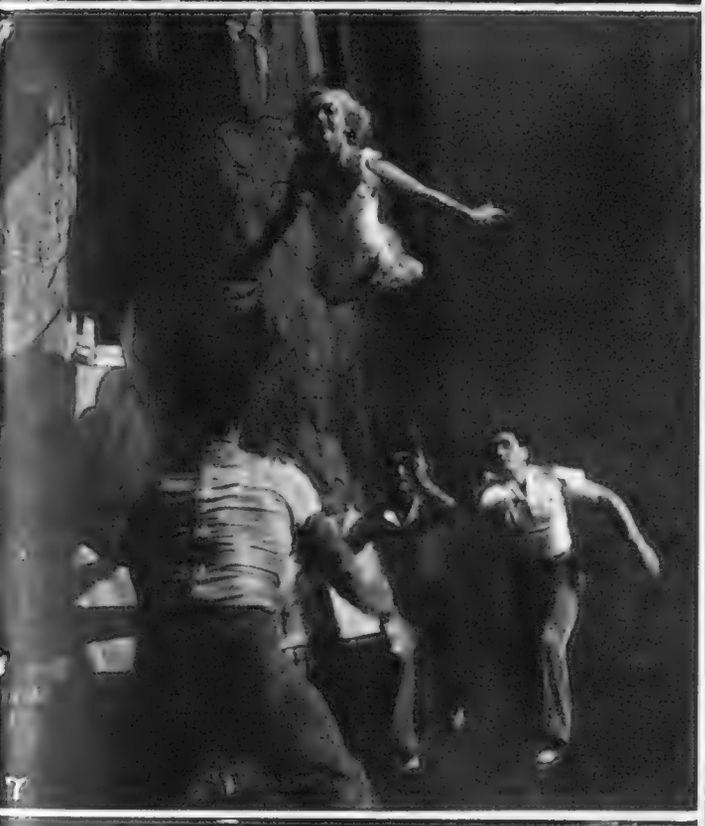
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12

Laurel Martyn

This Australian dancer is doing her third season with the Company, to which she came—an R.A.D. Gold Medallist—from Phyllis Bedells' school. She dances in the "Lac des Cygnes" pas de trois and Cygnets' pas de quatre, and the Scottish dance in "Façade" as well as "Rendez Vous"

Molly Brown

Molly Brown is another of the four dancers in the "Rendez Vous" pas de quatre, from which these photographs were taken, and is also a "Lac des Cygnes" Cygnet. Her most important solo part is the Tango in "Façade," which she dances—a bewildered but dignified debutante—with Ashton as the Dago

"Rendez Vous" Pas de Quatre: Molly Brown, Laurel Martyn, Julia Farron, Guinevere Parry

Four Young Dancers of the Vic-Wells Company

Guinevere Parry and Julia Farron

The "Rendez Vous" pas de quatre is completed by Guinevere Parry and Julia Farron; with Laurel Martyn and Molly Brown they also dance in "Lac des Cygnes," as good a set of cygnets—neat, light and well-synchronised—as London has seen. Guinevere Parry danced at the Windmill Theatre before she joined the Vic-Wells Company last season; she, like the other three, is in the Danses des Mirlitons in "Casse Noisette," and dances the Scottish dance in "Façade." Julia Farron joined the Company from the Sadler's Wells School last season, and at fifteen is still its youngest member. She shows very great promise, and has already created two solo parts with success—Julio's Dog in "The Wedding Bouquet" and Lilian Willows in "The Lord of Burleigh"

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Mr. A. G. Pite, Headmaster of Cheltenham

Arthur Goodhart Pite was appointed Headmaster of Cheltenham this year, in succession to Mr. R. V. H. Roseveare. He went there from Weymouth College where he had been Headmaster since 1927. He is the son of an architect, the late Professor Beresford Pite, was a King's Scholar of Westminster School, went to Trinity, Cambridge, as a Westminster, Samwaies and Potts Exhibitioner, and there took a First in History. But between these two stages of his life came the War: at nineteen he joined the R.F.A., and served with them from 1915 to 1919, winning his M.C. in the Mesopotamia campaign. When he came down from Cambridge he became organising secretary of the Student Christian Movement for four years and then head of Cambridge House in Camberwell in 1925 until he went to Weymouth. His wife is the daughter of the former Principal of Handsworth College, Birmingham, the late Dr. J. G. Tasker, and he has two sons and three daughters

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Of Cabbages and Kings: By Alan Thomas

"MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS," by the Duke of Portland (Faber and Faber; 25s.), is more than a memoir; it is a monument dedicated, as it might be, to the memory of an age that is past, or at all events quickly passing, when life was stable and secure and Communism was unheard of. Not that any shadow falls across the pages: save for a few rather despondent observations in the prologue on the changes time has wrought, there is no repining for the past, no gloomy speculation on the future. The book, in fact, is as full and enjoyable as the life which the Duke himself has led. Life at Welbeck, Court life and life in London, politics and the arts, shooting and foreign travel—these are a few of the subjects on which he discourses; and his talk is good. If one or two of the anecdotes—and there must be hundreds of them in this book—seem a little thin, that is because the times themselves have changed and because to-day the sayings and doings of the good and the great have rather less significance for us than they had for our fathers and mothers. The Duke of Portland was in his early twenties when in 1879 he succeeded to the title. Since then he has had opportunities such as very few enjoy for watching and reflecting on the human scene. Even in his dreams fortune seemed to favour him: shortly before King Edward VII.'s Coronation he dreamed that the State Coach stuck in the Arch at the Horse Guards on its way to Westminster and that some of the Life Guards had to hew off the crown that was perched on top of the coach: and next day, in spite of official pooh-poohing, he had the arch and the coach measured and found that the former was nearly two feet too low to allow the latter to pass! His book, which is of generous proportions and amply illustrated, may evoke nostalgic pangs from members of the Duke's own generation, and occasionally, perhaps, some supercilious smiles from the 1937 crowd.

The Duke of Portland

Has published his memoirs under the title "Men, Women and Things." The book is reviewed here this week

MR. NEAL HARMAN'S novel, *Rebellion* (Arthur Barker; 7s. 6d.), is to be recommended not for any deep political significance (or, indeed, for any particular literary merit), but rather for its qualities as a story of adventure and excitement. The scene is laid in a Central American State. Under a degenerate Spanish rule, bolstered up by machine-guns, aeroplanes and poison gas, the Indian population is being ground down with taxation and persecution. One Captain Spode-Smith, the President's son-in-law and his Minister of Munitions, is the villain of the piece. Opposed to him is the lovely Raquel Barrios, "the last wild daughter of the Kings of Rio d'Oro." On the death of her father she becomes the leader of the Indians, and the main action of the book is concerned with the revolt which she leads against the tyrannical government of her country. She is assisted in the struggle by a couple of soldiers of fortune, one of whom is the narrator of the story. As story-tellers go he is blunt and to the point, with too much fondness for the kind of emotion which—in fiction but less often in life—expresses itself in the gnashing of teeth and the tearing out of hair. Once or twice, too, he will embellish his yarn with some such crude suggestion as that "the higher command should force the Government to take off the beer tax that we may grow fat and calm and British once more instead of decking ourselves with widows' blouses and filling the calm English air with noisome Balkan political clamour." From which one may judge that though his heart is in the right place, he is—as doubtless he himself would be the first to admit—more of a man of action than a politician. His story is a romantic adventure, working up to an exciting finish.

"THE female body consists of a series of sterilised zones, which are those exposed by the fashion which is just going out, and an erogenous zone, which will be the point of interest for the fashion which is just coming in." Thus Mr. James Laver in his book, *Taste and Fashion* (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). And he goes on to say that the erogenous zone is always shifting and that it is the business of fashion to pursue it without ever actually catching it up. And if you don't happen to know what "erogenous" means, you 'll have to go to the large Oxford Dictionary to find out. And then you 'll discover the word should be "erogenic." This book is a history of dress—which means in effect women's dress—from the French Revolution to the present day. It is a job which Mr. Laver is well suited to perform. For not only does his work at the Victoria and Albert Museum qualify him to know something of the history of taste, but also he cannot remember the time when he was not fascinated by the history of dress. The first part of the book deals with the main tendencies of costume: the second with particular subjects—hair and hats, corsets, lingerie and the theory of décolletage. In his concluding chapter the author discusses fashion in clothes in relation to fashion in interior decoration and architecture and comes to the conclusion that there is no final style in any of them (not even in Russia), but that changes in clothes foreshadow changes in interior decoration, which in their turn foreshadow changes in architecture. "Fashion, in short, is the spearhead of taste." Of particular interest are the illustrations showing the changes in fashion down the years.

I DON'T know who Dower and Riddell are, but between them they have concocted a most amusing scrapbook entitled *Inside Britain* (Heinemann; 5s.). The hero of this sparkling commentary on the sort of people we are, the sort of lives we lead and the sort of thoughts we think is no national figure, no Britannia, not even a Blimp. He is the little man—the man you can see any day going to his office at the same time every morning and taking the bus or tube home in the evening. He wears a bowler hat and pince-nez, carries a hand-case and umbrella, and his name is Blenkinsop. It is to all the Blenkinsops of Britain that the book is dedicated—"free citizens all, of our right little, tight little island, who carry the torch of freedom in this chaotic world." The torch, of course, is the umbrella, carried so bravely aloft in the teeth of the winter drizzle. No right- (or left-) thinking Briton but will be grateful to the compilers of this scrapbook for so admirable a tribute to our native genius. Heil, Blenkinsop!

"Bystander" Short Story No. 119

The Reformation of St. Jules

By Algernon Blackwood

Décor by Eric Fraser

"FOREIGNERS — they're all mad!"

"Even the English?"

"Mad as hatters!"

"The Germans too?"

"Of course—Jew mad!"

"And what about the French?"

"Well—I guess I used to think them a pretty sane crowd till I came across the St. Jooles affair. After that I saw that they were as mad as all the rest—a bit more, even!"

IT was the fat man in the corner of the Smoking Room on Deck A who was talking. Why, I asked myself, is there always a fat man in the corner of the Smoking Room on board these liners? I don't know, but there always is.

We were three days out from Southampton on the Borotania. Our particular Fat Man sat in his corner, a huge cigar stuck between his thick lips, and surrounded by a crew of satellites for whom he bought drinks at frequent intervals, provided they would listen to his stories. They did. I am bound to admit that he was an amusing fat man, and evidently rich. His crowd stuck to him like leeches. I myself constantly took a seat just outside the sacred circle on purpose to listen to his stories, which grew more and more racy as the evening progressed.

On this particular night he was at the top of his form; I could tell by the way he twirled the big cigar and by the flush on his face.

"Tell us about St. Jules," suggested one of the crowd.

The fat man glanced round to see if the circle was worth while. Apparently it was. He blew out a thick cloud of smoke, ordered a round of drinks, smacked his lips, and started.

"Well," he began confidentially, as the way is with good story-tellers, "I guess some of you boys know the little burg as it is now, but, believe me, three years ago it was some town. Folks talk a lot about Monte, but in those days St. Jooles sure had it beaten to a frazzle. The play at Monte was pretty high, I know, but at St. Jooles it was too high to see the top. And the town was wide open from dark to dawn.

REPENT REPENT

"And I'm telling you—they were a hard-boiled lot when I first hit the town. Everything was going full blast and a bit over. I went to the old Continental Hotel where I always stayed, and the very first person I ran into after checking in was Mossy Mason. And I was sure glad to see old Mossy. Mossy had been my side-kick in a good many deals when we were together back in god's country. We liquored up.

"After a bit, he took me aside to a quiet spot outside on the verandah.

"'Tommy,' he says, 'you're just in time, but not a minute to spare.'

"'And the rest, Mossy?' I enquires.

"'It's like this,' he says, 'I've got a real good thing, and you must come in with me.' And he gives me the quick once-over.

"'Mossy,' I told him right away, 'I don't want any of your sure-fire-systems-to-beat-the-bank. I have had some and, believe me, I have had a plenty.'

"'I'm with you,' he explains. 'But this is the real thing.'

"'Get on with it, then,' from me.

"'I've got a wop,' he goes on, with an advertising stunt that will bring in the mazurka every time.'

"'Let's have the low-down,' I asks.

"'This is the way of it,' he tells me then. 'The wop has invented a machine that'll throw letters on the sky over a mile long. Bright as god's own fire they are. And they'll knock out all the electric signs that were ever made. They just shake the guts out of you with terror.'

"'Now, see here,' I says. 'That's an old stunt. Folks have been trying to do that since Nero played the fiddle, and nothing ever came of it.'

"'The scale was too small,' he explains. 'That was the trouble. Now, to-morrow night we're going back into the hills with a lorry, he and I, and, believe me, we're going to show this town something it's never seen before.'

"Well, his stuff impressed me some, and I asked what was he going to do it with, this great inventor-wop?

"'A new sort of ray,' he tells me.

"I thought it over a bit, but I wanted to see the goods before going in with him.

"'It's O.K. with me,' I says finally, for I always make my mind up quick, 'but I got to see it first.'

" He looks me over. ' That 's the stuff,' he says. ' I never knew you miss a real chance. You be down,' he goes on, ' on the terrace here to-morrow night,' he says, ' and we 'll show you.'

" WELL, it was after he left me that I bumped into as nice a strawberry blonde as you 'll find, and she sure kept me amused the rest of the evening—only that is another story, as they say.

" And next day Mossy introduced me to his wop. He was a clever-looking guy called Cavallo. He was full of his invention, and, like all inventors, was soon talking in millions of francs. It 's a way they have, you know. They could never invent anything unless they were half-batty to start with. Still, he made me feel there was something in it. He tried hard to explain the thing to me but it was too technical and I couldn't get it. Never mind, I told him. ' You show it to me to-night and it will be O.K. with me.' And he said ' Benissimo ' or ' spaghetti,' or something like that, drank up his mineral water, and made off.

" And about ten o'clock that night, sure enough, a lorry came along loaded with machinery of sorts, and Mossy and Cavallo climbs in. They told me they aimed to get well away into the back country, so that no one could see them doing their stuff. It was a hell of an ascent, all hairpin bends right up to the top of the mountain, and Cavallo turns to me just as they push off. ' I 'm going to give this town the scare of its life,' he says. ' They need it.'

" ' That 's all right with me,' I says. ' They do. Scare hell out of them if you can.'

" ' I do that,' he replies—and they push off.

" I got two hours to fill in, so I go look for my blonde, and we fill in time at the Casino. I run into a streak of luck and the time passes very quickly. So I drag my blonde out of the rooms about a quarter of twelve and we sit on the terrace. We did not know it then, of course, but that was the very last night the Casino was open. Naturally, I didn't say a word about the show I was expecting from the mountains, but as the minutes slipped by I began to get a bit anxious."

The Fat Man stopped and yelled to the steward to bring more drinks all round. And it was while he was doing this that I noticed, sitting in my corner, that a dark, foreign-looking fellow with a black beard had slipped into the chair beside me. He was obviously French, judging by the Maryland cigarette he was smoking with pleasure. Obviously, too, he had been listening to Fatty's story and was very much amused by what he heard.

The steward having served the drinks, Fatty took a couple of good-sized gulps and went on with his yarn :

" Where was I, boys ? Oh, yes ; I had the blonde parked on the terrace. Well, I 'm telling you I had a job to keep her there. She tried all the time to sting me for a mille and get back to the rooms, but I wasn't having any. I worked hard to get her to look at the lovely night—how the moon shone on the water, how swell a cruise-boat looked as it passed out to sea all lit up, how the lights of the fishing boats in the harbour twinkled. But, I tell you, she was difficult to hold. And all the time the minutes were slipping away and nothing happened. It got to twelve-thirty, and I thought something must have gone wrong with all that apparatus they took up into those steep mountains—accident, maybe, or something. Twelve-forty came, and then suddenly the quiet of the night was shattered. A terrible voice roared from the clouds : ' REPENT ! REPENT ! ' and at the same time the words were repeated in flaming letters a mile long in the sky.

" I tell you, boys, I was scared dumb myself. The voice was really awful. It seemed to go right through you, and for a moment I got the appalling notion it must be God speaking. The Frenchies were scared to death, as well they might be. They tore out of the Casino like cattle was stampeding—out of all the restaurants and dance halls they came pouring in a rush and went flopping on their knees in the square by hundreds. A terrible sigh rose from the whole crowd as the voice began to thunder out again, but I can't tell you what it said, as I guess it was Italian, and anyway, I was too scared to take it in.

" Then silence. A silence you could feel. The sky and the night were empty again—just quiet stars and deep blue.

" Was I pleased ? I 'll say I was, now that my nerves were steady again. I was right on a winner, I knew. I was feeling generous, so I slipped the blonde a couple of notes and told her to beat it. Believe it or not, she was still on her knees, but she kind of regained consciousness when I crackled the notes by her ear. She stopped praying for a moment to shove the notes down her dress—what there was of it—and then went at it again, praying like a loud-speaker.

" I left her to it, and walked to the hotel, treading on air. I felt kind of sorry for all those punks still praying in the square, as I mixed myself a high-ball, but I thought they were a hard-boiled lot and a little spot of praying couldn't do them any harm. I guess most of them hadn't prayed for twenty years, if ever. I got a good laugh when I thought about Charles, the head waiter. Not many guys can boast that they 've seen a head waiter pray ! Anyway, I would put it all right with them next day. I 'd tell them it was only a stunt.

" But that 's just where I went wrong. They wouldn't believe me. That 's what shook me about the French, as I mentioned at the beginning of this story. I had always thought the French were logical and would listen to reason, but these Froggies all got mad as blazes when I told them the truth. ' No, no ! ' they cried, and whispered, ' It was God '—le bon Doo, as they called Him. Even Charles went on the same way. I told him after breakfast that I 'd bring the boys round who had worked the stunt, but he just smiled in a superior way and, by God, he had the last laugh, too ! "

" Why ? How was that ? " cut in some of his listeners.

" Because those two blasted fools came down that mountain road in the dark too fast and had smashed up the lorry and killed themselves. That 's why and how it was. Can you beat it for bad luck ? And that 's why St. Jools still believes in the Miracle of the Voice, as they call it, and how it got reformed. They 're building a church now to the Voice. Anyway, the little burg is no use now to any American citizen who aims to see Europe ! "

Fatty stopped. The black-bearded Frenchman in the chair beside me was shaking all over, and when I turned I saw tears running down his cheeks. Never before or since have I seen a guy laugh as that Frenchie laughed.

" What 's the matter ? " I asked him. " It was a good story. I don't see what 's so terribly funny about it——"

He wiped his eyes and recovered his breath. " Well," he said in a low voice, " you see, I 've heard it before many, many times——"

" Heard *him* tell it, you mean ? " I asked in surprise.

" Mais oui," he whispered, no longer laughing now. " He used to tell it every night three years ago when he was staying with me——"

" In your house ? " I interrupted.

He nodded. " I was in charge of him in the St. Jules Private Lunatic Asylum."

THE END.

Pretty Girls with Revolvers Can't Frighten Bulldog Drummond

Judy Campbell and Henry Edwards exchange those defiant looks in a scene in " Bulldog Drummond Hits Out," " Sapper's " last play, which he wrote in collaboration with Gerard Fairlie. The latter also produced it for the Savoy Theatre where it started its run last week

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

The excitement of Christmas is over, and many people are following the sun by taking a cruise south. The pair on the right have certainly caught the holiday spirit and appear to be full of "joie de vivre." They have bought their clothes at Harrods, Knightsbridge, who are showing a fascinating collection of play suits and other fashions for warmer climates. The girl perched on the rails, waving to a friend, has chosen a "dressmaker" swim suit for 35s. 6d. in printed cotton lined with stockinette. It has a dark blue ground sprayed with all sorts of nautical signs in white, including shells, anchors and flags. With it is worn an unlined knee-length flared coat of the same material for 39s. 6d. trimmed with revers and cuffs in the reversed print. Her companion has chosen a delightful tropical suit in heavy shantung consisting of slacks and a slim-fitting jacket with a cut-away front, short sleeves, and high revers. This costs 6½ guineas and is particularly smart for wearing ashore

Simple and Varied

Every woman's wardrobe begins to look rather "tired" at this time of year, so that the January sales are something in the nature of a tonic. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, begin theirs on Monday, January 3rd, and will gladly send their illustrated catalogue post free to all who write for it. Needless to say, everything will be greatly reduced and many exclusive models cleared at half-price. Blouses to wear with suits are always of interest, as few things are smarter than a tailor-made. An attractive study in colour contrast is seen in the chenille jumper above. It is worked in broad stripes and is available in various artistic colour combinations for 29s. 6d. during the sale

An early visit should be paid to the blouse department at Dickins and Jones, as everything will be reduced. A heavy crêpe de Chine shirt blouse, which can be worn tucked in or out of the skirt, is shown on the right above. It is one of many models reduced to 31s. 6d. and has a finely tucked gilet, short sleeves, and a Peter Pan collar. Below is a charming green wool lace blouse reduced to 25s. It fastens down the front with glass buttons and has a short, flared basque. Apart from day blouses, there are models for evening in rich lamé and velvet, also bridge coats to wear with a long black skirt. Some of these are in quilted silk, cut like a man's dinner jacket with tailored revers

Scott Bushe

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Golf in December

SOME time ago I suggested that the month of August is a most unsuitable month in which to play the game of golf owing to the cast-iron fairways, on which the ball runs far too far, and the excessive heat; of course, I made an exception of golf at the seaside, where you can very often rely on a breeze. Of the summer months I do not think that there is any doubt that least fun can be got out of the game in August.

Of the winter months the game of golf is usually most unpleasant to play in December, when you are nearly certain to experience snow, fog, rain and frost and when it is so cold that you have to freeze or put on so many clothes that you cannot take the club back more than elbow-high, and when you find that even with the assistance of hand-warmers and other helps to keep the circulation going, you can hardly grip the club and have great difficulty in finding your tee or anything else in the pockets of your trousers. In December, as a rule, little golf is played by the sensible except at Christmas, when golfers play in the many Christmas competitions, either to assist the digestion of the Christmas pudding or to make room for it, and to meet their friends and offer them the usual Christmas greetings; of course, there are regular meetings of the various alliances.

DURING this month the Guildford and District Golfing Alliance has held two meetings, one at Camberley Heath, where parts of the course were under water and where rain fell continually. The conditions were so bad that a meeting was held to decide whether play should take place, and it was only decided that it should because so many competitors had already arrived at the club. At lunch-time it was decided to abandon the afternoon's play.

The other meeting was held at Wentworth, where the overhead weather conditions were good but where the course was frozen so hard that it was impossible to tell where the ball would bounce to, and consequently all approach play was largely a matter of luck.

In spite of these extremely unfavourable weather conditions, some definitely good performances were put up and, fortunately for the future, many of them by young assistants.

GEORGE WEATHERILL, who has lately succeeded H. B. Rhodes as first playing assistant at Wentworth, was successful at both Camberley and Wentworth in the foursomes. At Camberley, with A. J. F. Critchel, handicap 7, as partner, he won with a return of two down to bogey, and would, without doubt, have returned a much better score if there had not been so much casual water on the greens.

At Wentworth, with A. V. Bridgland, handicap 1, as partner, he returned the wonderful score, in the prevailing conditions, of four up on bogey, playing from scratch. This score was done in the afternoon, when the frost had gone out of the ground to some extent and when, although the conditions were easier than in the morning, play was still extremely difficult.

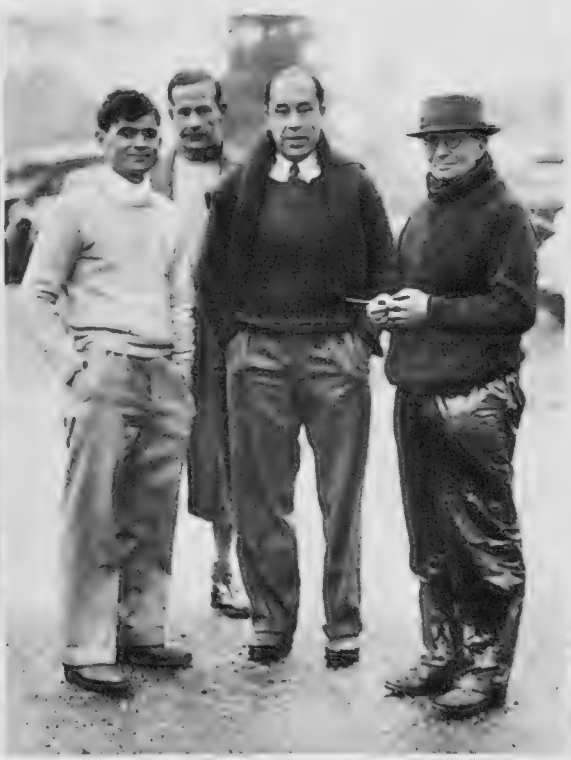
I do not wish to imply, while praising Weatherill's play, that Bridgland did not pull his weight; the latter has now by hard work and intelligent practice, made himself into a really sound and good golfer who knows what he ought to do and how and when to do it.

IN descriptions of foursome play, justice is seldom done and usually all the credit is given to one player or the other. I remember a short time ago, just after an important foursome event, everyone crowding round one of the players and saying, amid the general congratulations, "Your putting won the match." The partner, who had played really well, was very naturally just a little hurt that no one should offer him a word of praise for his share in the victory, and remarked to me in a plaintive voice, "What I cannot understand is how on earth our ball ever got on the green sufficiently close to the hole to enable my partner to hole so many putts." One man cannot win a foursome, nor can he lose one: it takes two to do either or both.

THE West Course at Wentworth, even when frozen hard, plays very long in December, and with the frost making play extremely difficult and also problematical, no low scores were returned; nevertheless, some decidedly good scores were returned. A man who returns 77 in certain conditions has very possibly played just as well as a man who has returned 66 on the same course in easier conditions.

The best performance on the West Course was put up by W. Smithers, who is now assistant to Michael Bingham at Sunningdale, when he returned 77 in the morning with the ground covered with white frost. J. E. Field and H. G. Bowen, who are assistants to Arthur Lacey at the Berkshire Golf Club, also played very, very well to return 76 and 77 in the afternoon, but the conditions then were two to three shots easier than when Smithers played his medal round. If when you play the game of golf justice is always done, many people would, without doubt, give it up. Smithers, who played the best golf, was second, as Bowen, besides having the luck of the draw, also had the better last nine holes' score, which decided the tie. Field, who has to play from plus 2, while the others play from scratch, was third.

How difficult the conditions were can be seen from the fact that the four Ryder Cup players who took part could not between them return a score better than 80 gross.



Players in the Guildford Alliance Medal Competition at Wentworth

Alan Black (Berkshire) and A. J. Lacey, the well-known Berkshire professional, were photographed at the first tee; snow, followed by frost, made the West Course a good test

These four are: D. Rees, F. S. Palmer (behind), H. F. Bagnall and Robert Large. Rees and Bagnall returned a score of 2 up in the fourteen-holes Bogey foursomes, the fourth best score

M. Bingham and A. McNair (Sunningdale) looked like winning the foursomes with 3 up, but finally came second to Bridgland and Weatherill's 4 up

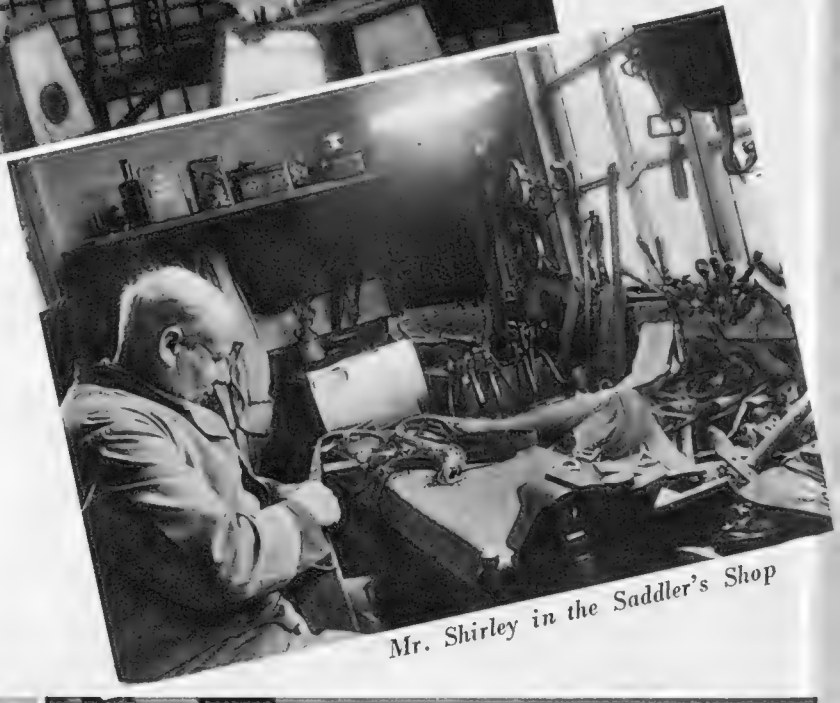
Preparing

Animals and

Photographs by Hutten

Three Lions Rehearse Quite Meekly

Below: Mr. Shirley not only makes all the harness for Bertram Mills' Circus but decorates it as well. Here he was studding the drab leather of a bridle with pearls



Mr. Shirley in the Saddler's Shop

Below: Herr Gindl, the Austrian elephant-trainer, was rehearsing a musical number: that elephant knows how to play tunes on those bells

Below on the right, a picture of beauty culture on a large scale, is one of the elephants having his nails filed by a pair of chiropodist-blacksmiths

for Olympia

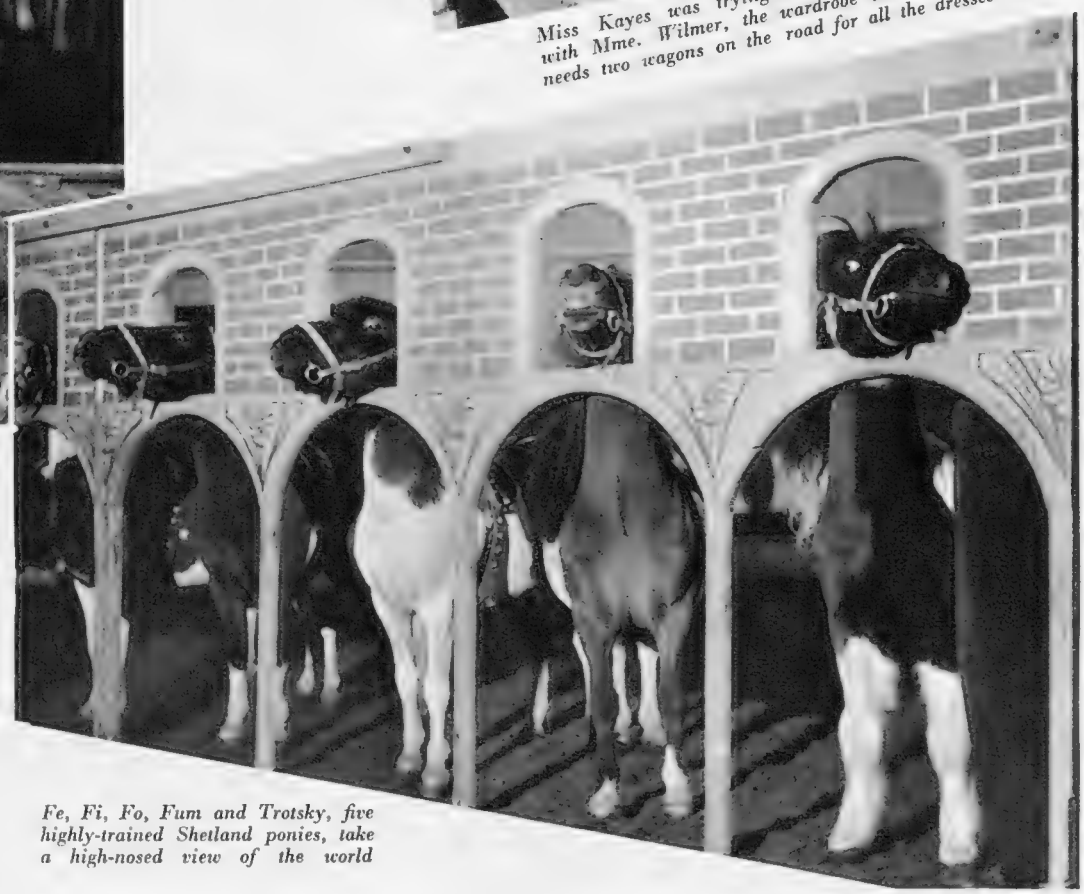
Men Outside the Ring

A. W. Kossmayer, with two assistants, was training this horse in the first stages of high-stepping

Lion in the Air

Left: Miss Procilla Kayes, the only British woman lion-tamer, putting one of her lions literally through the hoop, with a big jump on the way

Miss Kayes was trying on her new uniform with Mme. Wilmer, the wardrobe mistress, who needs two wagons on the road for all the dresses



Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum and Trotsky, five highly-trained Shetland ponies, take a high-nosed view of the world

To the London public, Christmas is circus-time but, as with turkeys, the production side is busy all the year. For Bertram Mills and his huge staff, October is the break in the cycle, when the year's show comes home to Ascot from tour, new acts are put into rehearsers' and dressmakers' hands. These pictures were taken just before the circus's descent on to London and its opening last Wednesday after The Lunch

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Maud Stevenson

Maud Stevenson is the only daughter of the late Sir Malcolm Stevenson and the Hon. Lady Stevenson, of 59, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10; she is engaged to Lucien John Kirkby, of Albert Court, Kensington, and Bellingham, Washington, U.S.

Bassano

Doreen Jowett

Doreen Jowett is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Jowett, of Melbourne, Australia, and is engaged to the Hon. Jestyn Reginald Austen Philipps, only son of Viscount and Viscountess St. Davids, of Landwade Hall, Exning, near Newmarket

Marsden—Lucas

At the New West End Synagogue, St. Petersburgh Place, Cedric Marsden, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Marsden, married Honor Lucas, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Lucas, of Bramblehurst, East Grinstead, Sussex

Lenare

Eileen Gowers

Eileen Gowers is the daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Gowers, of 47, Whitehall Court, S.W.1; she has announced her engagement to Anthony Duveen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duveen, of 5, Stanhope Place, W.2

Dorothy Wilding

Sara Forbes

Sara Forbes is the daughter of H.B.M. Minister to Peru and Mrs. V. C. W. Forbes, and she has announced her engagement to Hugh Gile - Thompson, youngest son of the late A. G. Thompson, of La Paz, Bolivia, and Yatton Court, Hereford, and Mrs. Thompson, of Lower Delaford, Iver, Bucks.

Pott—Lyons-Montgomery

Leslie Pott, H.M. Vice-Consul, the Foreign Office, and Norma Lyons-Montgomery were married at the Chapel of the Savoy. She is the second daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Kynaston Lyons - Montgomery, of Jersey, and 36, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7

Lumgair — Hughes

Flt.-Lt. D. Lumgair and Phœbe Hughes were married at the Royal Garrison Church, Woolwich. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lumgair, of Lustleigh, Devon; she is the daughter of the Rev. W. and Mrs. Hughes, of St. George's House, Woolwich Common

FitzHerbert — O'Dwyer

Eden Sidney FitzHerbert, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Eden FitzHerbert, of Burton Hall, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin, and Muriel Margaret O'Dwyer, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. M. and Mrs. O'Dwyer, of 604, Clive Court, S.W., were married at Christ Church, Victoria Road, Kensington

Armitage — Heath

Guy Armitage, son of Major W. P. Armitage, of Bandolier Kop, South Africa, and Mrs. Meiklereid, of Johannesburg, married Mrs. Clementina Ann Heath, daughter of the late Major G. H. Wilson, and Mrs. Avern, of Cobham, Surrey, at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Shaw — Greenfield

Lt.-Comdr. Raymond Thorndike Shaw and Daphne Laura Ursula Greenfield were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Shaw, of 33, Emperor's Gate, S.W.; she is the daughter of the late F. B. Greenfield and Mrs. Greenfield, of Earlywood Rise, Sunninghill, Berks.

Davidson — Bowyer

Francis Leslie Fitzwilliam Davidson, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. P. V. Davidson, of Woodlands, Leighton Buzzard, Beds., and Dudley Maud Bowyer, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bowyer, of 87, Bryanston Court, W.1, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Thorburn — Gill

William Burne Thorburn, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thorburn, of Edinburgh, and Esmé Gordon Gill, only daughter of Colonel Gordon Gill, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Gill, of 8, Gloucester Terrace, S.W.7, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Macpherson-Grant — Dickin

Ewan George Macpherson-Grant, only son of the late G. B. Macpherson-Grant and Mrs. Macpherson-Grant, of Craigo, Montrose, Angus, married Evelyn Nancy Dickin at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. E. S. Dickin, of Wolverley House, Goring-on-Thames

du Sautoy — Floud

At Chelsea Old Church, Peter Francis du Sautoy, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. du Sautoy, of Warren House, Barnt Green, Birmingham, married Phyllis Mary Floud, only daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Floud, of Earnscliffe, Ottawa, and St. Erminʼs, Westminster

Lt. Ronald Hugh Royds, R.N., second son of Major and Mrs. Royds, of Kintbury, Berkshire, and Kathleen Briggs, only daughter of Capt. Briggs, of Penywern, Aberystwyth, were married at Llanfihangel y Creuddyn Church, Aberystwyth

Royds — Briggs

At Chelsea Old Church, Roy Faulkner, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Faulkner, of Fairlawn, Wimbledon Common, married Phyllis Patricia Mowbray, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. C. H. Mowbray, of Lee Park, Blackheath

Faulkner — Mowbray

Newton — Fox-Saunderson

Lieut. Hugo Rowland Barnwell Newton, R.N., only son of the late Mr. F. Newton, married Ethel Mary Fox-Saunderson at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. She is the only child of the late G. Fox-Saunderson and Mrs. Joynt, of Redlands, Weymouth

Whatley — MacDonell

Lt. Paul Markham Whatley, R.N., son of Mr. and the late Mrs. A. P. Whatley, of 5, St. German's Place, Blackheath, and Paula MacDonell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn MacDonell, of Marshfield, near Chippenham, were married at the Brompton Oratory

Hope — Gunther

Edward James Hope, elder son of Major John Hope, of Chipperfield, Herts., and Mrs. E. M. Hope, of 23, The Gateways, Chelsea, and Enid Gunther, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gunther, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Left: the Miller was making his first appearance this season in the Sandown Handicap Steeplechase at Sandown Park. Miss Dorothy Paget's 'chaser started favourite but came fourth, the race going to Mr. Steel's Macaulay

Below: the full-back of the Possibles at Ipswich was better with his drop- than his place-kicks: this one, held for him by P. Cooke, failed, but he collected, with a penalty drop from fifty yards out, three of the Possibles' eleven points. The Probables won with twenty-three points

Golden Miller Also Ran at Sandown Park

Howard Marshall on Sport

NEXT Saturday's final trial at Twickenham should be good fun, and quite instructive for the technically minded. The Selectors must have been rather shaken by the form in the second trial at Ipswich, but I am glad they stuck to their guns, and kept the back division virtually unaltered.

The return of H. S. Sever, the human tank, if I may so describe him without disrespect, is a great addition to England's attacking strength. Sever is a great-hearted player, and even if he is slower this year, as they tell me, he still has immense momentum.

THE usual arguments have been raging about our mid-field players. In the North they maintain that J. Heaton should be first choice for the centre, to which the Selectors in their wisdom have replied by leaving him out altogether, and giving M. M. Walford, of Oxford, a chance. To this we can take no exception, and it is worth recording that Oxford have six representatives in this match, a pointed commentary on their display against Cambridge.

There are those who expected to see A. Obolensky chosen automatically on the right wing for England, but E. J. Unwin is playing such rattling good football that he cannot be displaced. Obolensky had no chances at Ipswich. He may be able to show his paces on Saturday. If he does go away on one or two of those swooping runs of his, the Selectors may be in something of a quandary. Cranmer, despite his critics, keeps his place in the centre, and quite rightly, as I see it, for he is a grand defensive player, and until someone comes along who combines his strength in defence with an equal brilliancy in attack he is the man we want. The attacking player, like Heaton, is all very fine while the game goes his way, but international football is not always one-sided, and we must have centres who can take the shock when the need arises.

I AM glad the Selectors are persevering with young McCrae, though he was unable to turn out at Ipswich. He is obviously a likely player, quick and intelligent and well balanced, though I would not yet allow enthusiasm to run away with judgment. The point is that we have an opportunity of seeing him again on the big occasion, and it may be that he is all his supporters claim. The Selectors could not well alter the partnership of Kemble and Giles at half-back. Kemble did not shine at Ipswich, but he was hampered by slow heeling, and he did enough in the first trial to prove that with reasonable chances he is a most dangerous player.

IT will be interesting to see how the Oxford half-backs, Cooke and Watts, fare in such exalted company. They have at least the memory of their last appearance together at Twickenham to inspire them. And there is always F. J. Reynolds lurking in the background as England's stand-off half, provided he makes a good and sufficiently swift recovery from jaundice.

As for the forwards, the Selectors have strengthened the front row by dropping H. Wheatley, who packs too high, and bringing in the 16-stone Dancer from Bedford. Then there is R. M. Marshall, of Oxford, in the second row, a splendid player who reminds us, when he is on the rampage, of the great W. W. Wakefield. I think myself that C. Thompson, of the Harlequins, is unlucky to be left out.

Freakes Took a Kick at Goal

Selectors know more about individual forwards than casual spectators, but Thompson did seem to be in the thick of it all the time. J. R. Spear, who takes his place, is a lively enough player, and altogether this England pack looks pretty good to me. But then I am an optimist. I believe England will have a most formidable side this year, and it would not surprise me in the least if they went through the season unbeaten.

THE news of Primo Carnera's illness is a sad ending to a sad story. Poor giant! He is reported to have said that he will never fight again, and that all he wants is peace. I can well believe it. All his fighting days he was harassed by pygmies, a bewildered Gulliver among the Lilliputians. He made a great deal of money, but all the little men took their cut, and left him penniless.

I met him when he was in England recently. Everyone stared at him as we walked through the streets. The traffic stopped to let him cross the road. Taxi-drivers grinned and made their jokes. Carnera took no notice. He was used to it. He wore a green suit and a red tie, and threw his immense chest out. He was extremely likeable, and no fool. His English was good, and when he laughed it was like Vesuvius rumbling.

If Carnera had always been allowed to punch his weight, he would have been unbeatable. As it was, pulling his punches, he became champion of the world, for he was clever and astonishingly fast. But the pygmies beat him in the end. Poor giant, indeed!

The Quorn Met at Gaddesby

And hunted (but failed to kill) three foxes over Leicestershire fences. Miss Georgina Wernher and Captain Desmond Miller were among the followers—he plays in the polo team of her father, Sir Harold Wernher

This England . . .

Where Counties meet — Buckinghamshire

WHEN from a high-banked lane or woodland ride some lovely valley springs upon the view, we are taken in envy of the men who farm so grand a sweep, protected and watered by the shouldering hills. Yet is their life hard — from chill-fingered dawn to trudging eve, from dung-spreading to harvest-home — for Nature is not softly wooed in these damp northern lands. Down the ages man has reft her secrets from her, and amongst them a weapon against herself — against fatigue and ill and failing courage. They called it beer, and all men drank it for their good. One brew of that elixir we have still, one that was most favoured where Nature was most harsh; *we* call it Worthington.

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Imperial Airways have an advanced school at Croydon for training their experienced officers in the latest methods of trans-ocean navigation. Our picture shows a class in progress

Flying Into 1938

By Charles Ward

This year, which ends on Friday next, has witnessed solid progress in the spheres of commercial air activity and in re-armament. Imperial Airways, the national company entrusted with the development of an all-air mail scheme for the Empire, has taken delivery of most of its flying boats and has effected the change-over in Africa completely. All of the Christmas mail, calculated as first-class letters, has been flown to and from South Africa, with deliveries at all British possessions in between. Towards Australia, the flying boat is completing the survey of the route and via Atlantic, further experiments are imminent, as a prelude to the first mail crossings some time next year. Short Brothers, of Rochester, are building even bigger flying boats, due for trials late next year, and the long-awaited "Ensigns" from Hamble should be in service by the summer. New uniforms for the pilots—the latest instruments for the cockpits—an advanced school for higher mathematics amongst senior officers—a skyscraping headquarters at Victoria—in fact, everything on the up and up except at Croydon, which belongs to the Government anyway, so no change is expected here for some time to come.

The King, who served in the R.A.F. during the European War, and has retained a keen interest in the Service ever since, has paid visits to several aircraft factories this month. Details of aircraft accommodation for the crew, production methods to secure speedy delivery in a time of emergency, and apprentice training schemes were amongst the many subjects of special interest to His Majesty. At Weybridge, the King examined the "Wellesley" bombers that will be used to attack the long-distance record held by Russia. At Hawker's, he saw the "Hurricane" in production, the type which will re-equip our home defence squadrons next year. At Cricklewood, where Handley Page's are three months ahead with deliveries, the "Harrow" heavy bomber was the particular object of study. During the past two years the aircraft industry has doubled itself in size. Monoplanes in metal have replaced biplanes of mixed construction. The variable-pitch airscrew, retractile undercarriage, slots, flaps, power-operated gun turret are now incorporated as standard features. In 1937, the aircraft of the R.A.F. have flown 100,000,000 miles or thereabouts. This is what is known as a round figure and is equal to 4000 flights round the earth at the Equator. The R.A.F., like the Army and Navy, is often engaged on active service at a time of peace. This apparent paradox occurs during police duties in India, Arabia and Africa, extending over an area of one million square miles, and gives practice in the arts of reconnaissance and of operating in every kind of weather.

A new transport monoplane for 1938 has been produced by Percival Aircraft, now at Luton. Known as the "Q.6," it is powered with two Gipsy Six engines, which give it a speed of 195 miles an hour. With six people up, it has a range of 750 miles and can be landed as slowly as 55, thanks to the use of split trailing-edge flaps. Its price is fixed at £4500, and there is a cheaper model with Gipsy Major engines, selling at less than £4000. Orders are already in hand from Australia, New Zealand, India, and Iraq, as well as from home operators.

The Last Twelvemonth

By Eleanor E. Helme

New Kenya Champion

Mrs. Sabine, (Diana Plumpton that was) has won the Kenya Colony Ladies' Championship. She was runner-up in the British Open Championship at Gleneagles in 1933

Dear Bystander,

What a comfort it is when duty is obvious! At this moment, for instance, in the last week of 1937, laying aside such little matters as parcels and string, there is no doubt that the things to write about are those that stick out in memory since this time last year.

St. Enodoc seems to me the pleasant event by which 1937 is going to be remembered; the year has been troublous in the golfing world in so many other ways, but over St. Enodoc there is only one possible verdict: "quite the jolliest English there 's ever been." It is such a little time since we were all panting round that grand course under a blazing September sun that it ought to be almost needless to recall the golfing high lights: Miss Wanda Morgan's win, with Miss Madline Fyshe runner-up; Mrs. Alan Hartley and Miss Brenda Norris new semi-finalists. Miss Morgan had some brilliant rounds, but even when she was below her best—as she undoubtedly was at least twice in the championship—she was able to win, which seems to show that she is quite above the rut.

If St. Enodoc's sun and real spirit of enjoyment is one impression of 1937, another is of the dismay which pervaded Worplesdon when its darling, Miss Wethered, fell from her golfing pedestal under her new name of Lady Heathcoat-Amory. No direct blame attaches—we quote Mr. Darwin—to her gallant husband; only for once the great lady was so keen to win, on his behalf, that she really played like a somewhat fallible mortal instead of her matchless self. Mrs. Heppel and Leonard Crawley were worthy winners; never shall I forget the way she putted.

Having begun at the end, let us now work back through the many Bystander Foursomes, taking the Autumn ones first. Ranelagh—defeats right and left for the low handicaps, and finally a win on the last green for Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Argles, with Mrs. S. V. Hicks and Mrs. Clemens runners-up; Roehampton—Lady Brecknock and Mrs. Idina Mills winners, with Mrs. Sturgess Wells and Miss A. C. Robinson runners-up and quite the highest standard of golf all the week that Roehampton has had so far.

Scottish Foursomes at Gleneagles Hotel King's Course saw a successful invasion from the north of England, for Mrs. Rhodes, the Northern and Yorkshire champion, with Miss L. B. Clark from Westmorland, got home in the final from Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson Durham, the holders.

One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes were combined for the first time with Wentworth's scratch foursomes tournament (so bravely won by a pair of girls, Miss Stroyan and Miss Pemberton). Miss Kathleen Garnham and Mrs. Harold Gilligan carried on tradition by leading in the morning and winning the scratch aggregate cups.

That takes us back to Northern Foursomes at Birkdale, and the sad realisation that we can never again see Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell sailing through round after round, and then coming up smiling after all sorts of adversities for the cups.

Miss Newell's tragic death at Turnberry on the eve of the Open there is a terrible recollection of 1937 one would gladly forget: it might be wiser from a golfing point of view, too, to forget Turnberry, 1937, except that it gave us as champion Miss Jessie Anderson, who had been persistently picked beforehand as Miss Barton's successor. Miss Doris Park, of course, was runner-up.

Just before Turnberry came the French match at West Sussex, a delightful day, in spite of some work by the selection committee, which has been commented on another week. England won by 6½ to 2½.

France had a very young team, and the youngest of them, Lally Vagliano, was to win our Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges in September—as beautiful a golfer as may well be at sixteen, and just too good in the final for the holder, Miss Peggy Edwards, who, at eighteen, was singing her Girls' swan song.

There is only space left to recall that Mrs. Holm regained the Scottish, Mrs. Glendinning won the Irish, Mrs. Graham Emery the Welsh, and Miss Doris Chambers the Veterans.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

A GLANCE at the British racing results of 1937 makes one realise how very few hill climbs are now held in this country.

At one time, hill climbs took place almost every week-end throughout the summer months, such famous names as Alms Hill, near Henley, Kop Hill, near Aylesbury, and Spreadeagle, near Shaftesbury, still having a familiar sound.

Then, alas! came a succession of disastrous crashes, some involving spectators as well as competitors, and hill climbs on public roads were barred by law.

It is because of the paucity of suitable hills on private property that the sport has dwindled so noticeably.

Of course, there 's Shelsley Walsh—the one and only—and there 's Dancer's End, which belongs to Mr. Alan Good, chairman of Lagonda's, where the Berkhamsted Club runs its meetings.

The Bristol Club holds some good climbs at Backwell Hill, and when you have mentioned these three, and Bo'ness in the far North, you have about exhausted the list of hills of any significance.

THE prospects for 1938 look brighter, however, for not only is the Brighton and Hove Club toying with the idea of running an open hill-climb at Dover, on a very excellent gradient up by the Barracks, but the ever-enterprising Bugatti-Owners' Club has purchased a large estate in the Cotswolds with the avowed intention of turning it into another Shelsley.

The site is a little over five miles out of Cheltenham on the Bishop's Cleeve side, and is in the grounds of Prescott House, which previously belonged to Lord Ellenborough.

It is hoped to run three climbs over the new hill this summer, the first (for members of the Club only) on May 15th, followed by two open events on July 3rd and September 25th respectively.

Reference to any one of the seventeen calendars for 1938 which you are certain to have received for Christmas, will reveal that all these dates are Sundays—a bold step on the part of the promoters!

IN these days when many motor manufacturers, anxious to keep abreast of all that is going on in their own immediate sphere, pursue the somewhat floundering policy of producing a welter of different models in the pious hope that one may catch the popular fancy, it is indeed refreshing to encounter a firm which, satisfied that its 1937 range was adequate, had the courage to face 1938 with the same models unchanged, except for minor requirements.

Some time prior to the Earl's Court Motor Exhibition, the Rover Company wrote to Rover owners asking them to suggest any possible improvements which might be incorporated in their 1938 range.

Only comparatively trivial detail improvements were suggested, but as many of these were incorporated as was found to be practicable, and with a wholly commanding confidence the Rover Company announced a policy of "No Change" for 1938.

Just how well justified the Rover directors were in adopting this bold policy of non-intervention in the hectic business of feeling the public pulse, at the shareholder's expense, is exemplified by the considerable demand for Rovers which has persisted right through from last spring up to the present moment.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 29—January 4

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A LADY'S GENTLEMAN.—A new comedy, with Ronald Squire, Margaretta Scott, Helen Haye: Vaudeville, 8.30.

MACBETH.—Laurence Olivier and Judith Anderson lead, Saint-Denis produced, Motley decorated: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson, Robert Helpmann, Gyles Isham: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—This Eugene O'Neill has a grim and exciting story to tell: Westminster, 7.

PEOPLE AT SEA.—Priestley's third concurrent play is not as good as the others, but holds interest in a group of people in a burnt-out liner: Apollo, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—Sheridan's comedy is part of the Gielgud season; brilliantly acted, it out-plays and outwits every modernity: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian Tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHOOSE YOUR TIME.—A new kind of revue mixture: Yvonne Arnaud, Frances Day, Nelson Keys, news reel and Donald Duck: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S IN THE BAG.—Brightly coloured and ingenious revue will make a pleasant and not taxing evening; Elisabeth Welch, Gene Sheldon: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

OH! YOU LETTY.—A musical comedy that's musical, funny and gay, with Sydney Howard and Wylie Watson, Phyllis Stanley and Bertha Belmore: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 99.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BULLDOG DRUMMOND HITS BACK.—Henry Edwards as Drummond: Savoy, 8.30 only.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S YOU I WANT.—Seymour Hicks makes a bright success of a farce whose chief advantage is his acting and Miss Jane Carr's: Cambridge, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM SERVICE.—Hartley Power heads an American cast in a coarse, hoarse farce which makes the actors and audience roar: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THINK OF A NUMBER.—Winifred Shotter, Douglas Byng and Sara Allgood in a farcical comedy that gathers speed after hesitations: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU.—The George Kaufman-Moss Hart success with an English cast: St. James's 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

ALADDIN.—Elsie Randolph as Aladdin; Arthur Riscoe as Widow Twankey: Adelphi, 2 and 7.45.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS: Playhouse, 2.30

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie as boy and girl; Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose for comedy: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—With Robin Maule: Garrick, 2.30.

CINDERELLA. — Stanley Lupino, Madge Elliott and Greta Fayne: Prince's, 2 and 7.30.

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY.—Matinée recitals at the Rudolf Steiner Hall (from Fri., 31st).

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA.—With Sebastian Shaw: Phœnix, 2.30 and 8.

PETER PAN.—Anna Neagle as Peter, Pamela Standish as Wendy, George Curzon as Mr. Darling and Hook: Palladium, 2.15.

TREASURE ISLAND.—With Malcolm Keen: Savoy, 2.30.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD: Fortune.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, 2.15

Circuses

BERTRAM MILLS': Olympia, 2.30, 7.30.

ALTHOFF'S: Royal Agricultural Hall.

CINEMAS

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN (American).—Eddie Cantor at his best amid his usual glamorous harem: Gaumont.

AMPHITRYON (French).—A satire of standing comes to England and mocks in Gallic manner the Greek legend: Curzon.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier directed this first-prize film; a bitter-sweet story; Françoise Rosay. Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

CHARLIE CHAN ON BROADWAY (American).—Also the British *School for Husbands* with Diana Churchill and Rex Harrison: New Gallery.

HEIDI (American).—Ideal Christmas stuff for the young and old who like Shirley Temple as a Cinderella, Jean Hersholt as a Santa Claus: Regal.

100 MEN AND A GIRL (American).—Romance, humour, music and a good story; Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou, Leopold Stokowski: Leicester Square.

MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR (British).—Erich von Stroheim as a sinister spy chief, Dita Parlo as one of his charming employees, in a Salonika war story with plenty of movement: London Pavilion.

MARIE WALEWSKA (American).—Garbo as the countess and Charles Boyer as the emperor give fine performances in an authentic Napoleon picture: Empire.

MONICA AND MARTIN (German).—Luise Ullrich and Viktor de Kowa are the model and artist who star in this Bohemian life film Berkeley.

OH, MR. PORTER (British).—Will Hay and some railway engines should be popular and seasonable fare: Marble Arch Pavilion.

PARADISE FOR TWO (British).—Jack Hulbert's comedy reaches a new high level and he has a new leading lady, Patricia Ellis: Odeon.

THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (British).—Very British, too, with plenty of adventures on the Continent for Barry K. Barnes: Tivoli.

TRUE CONFESSION (American).—Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Una Merkel, John Barrymore in this: Plaza.

WELLS FARGO (American).—Big cast and big canvas shows a panorama of American history: Carlton.

THE WHITE SQUADRON (Italian).—Shot in Libya, the theme of this noble film is man's task in the world—or one conception of it; also return of Sacha Guitry as Le Tricheur: Academy.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

CARMEN.—To-night, 29th, 8.

FAUST.—Thurs., 30th, 8.

THE VALKYRIE.—Fri., 31st, 7.15.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—Sat., 1st, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LES RENDEZVOUS, CASSE-NOISETTE.—Sat., 1st, 2.30.

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LES BALLETS POLONAIS.—Slavska, Yusskievitch, Glinka, Konarski, Kilinski, and company in five new ballets by Nijinska; 8.45. Wed., 2.30.

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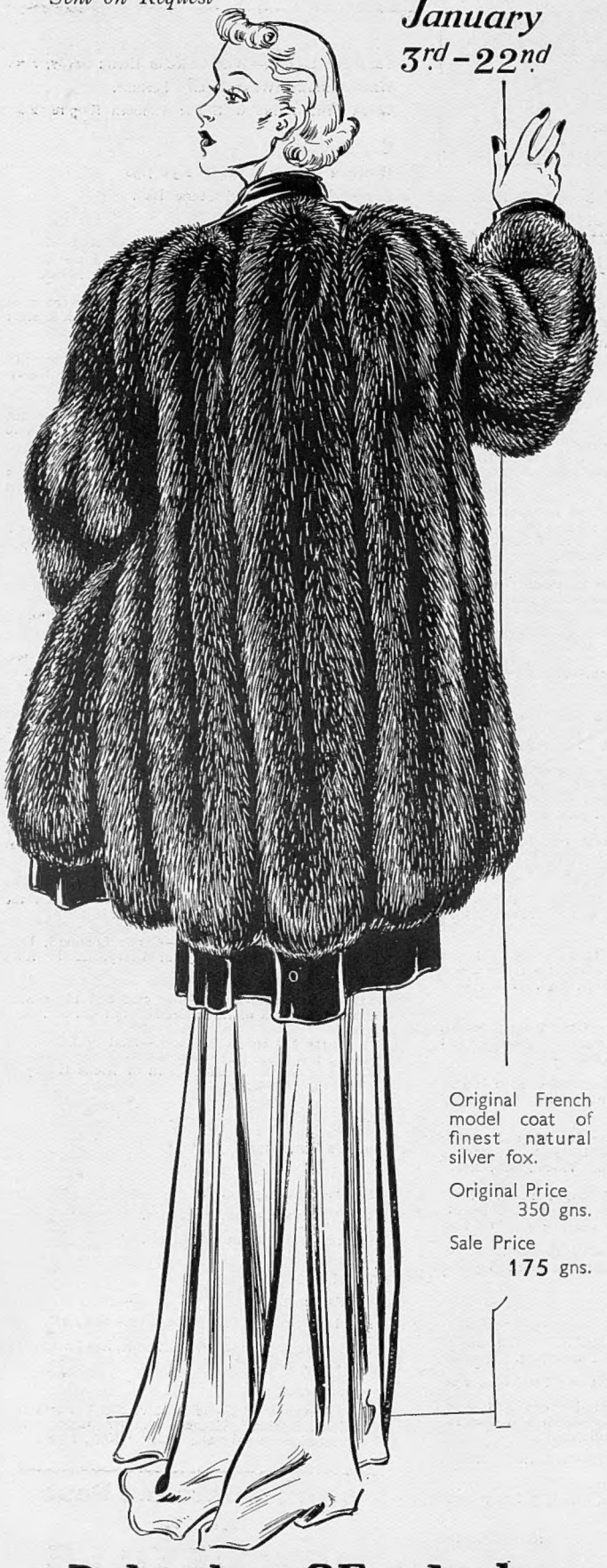

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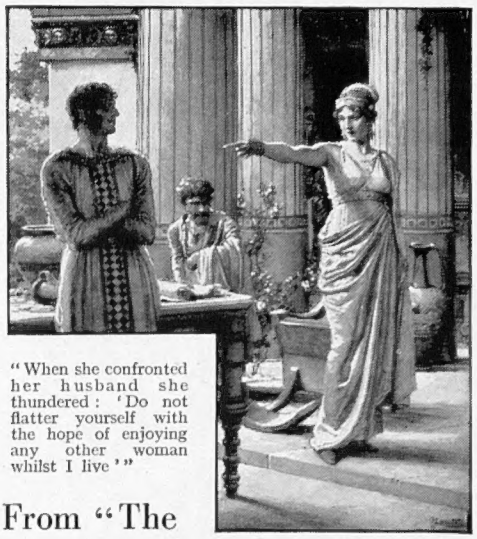


"When she confronted her husband she thundered: 'Do not flatter yourself with the hope of enjoying any other woman whilst I live'"

From "The LIFE of ÆSOP"

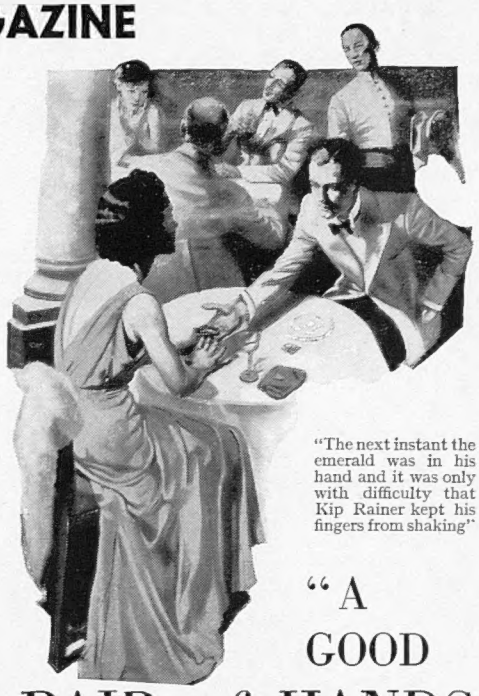
Written and Illustrated by FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.

"Had Xanthus' wife held a torch in her hands, she would have been the most perfect representation of the classical furies described by the ancient poets of the Greek mythology.

"In she came, threatening to overthrow, to smash, to break, to destroy with her presence whatever strange female would ever dare to set foot in her house, and when she confronted her husband she thundered: 'Do not flatter yourself with the hope of enjoying any other woman whilst I live.' But not many words were necessary, and every preoccupation vanished in smoke, for Xanthus opened his arms and she fell in them, giving way to that delightful reaction of eager tenderness. The return home of the mistress of the house was reason in itself for festivities, and so the huge orders of food for the supposed marriage came in very handy.

"Æsop had become an extremely important person, and was already acting as major domo. He was given a free hand in preparing a banquet exclusively for philosophers, colleagues of his master. He was told to arrange only for the most beautiful things to be served. To the astonishment of all, he served neat's tongues at every course, the only difference being in the preparation. Xanthus was furious and reproached him for such a meaningless joke, but Æsop justified himself by saying that the dinner was full of meaning, in fact; that nothing could be more beautiful than tongue, the key that led humanity into all knowledge, and he asked: 'What could be more suitable for a philosophical banquet than a feast of tongues?'" . . . *You must read the ending of this enthralling and interesting tale—"The Life of Æsop," written and illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.*

FICTION, FASHION BETTER HOUSE-KEEPING SPORT, MOTORING *ALL* ARE INCLUDED IN



"The next instant the emerald was in his hand and it was only with difficulty that Kip Rainer kept his fingers from shaking"

"A GOOD PAIR *of* HANDS

by EDWIN RUTT

". . . 'Yes.' Kip's tone was careless. 'Do you mind if I look at it?'

"It was the moment for which he had been living. Would she strip the ring from her finger and pass it across for his inspection? Or would she merely extend her hand in order that he might get a closer look? The gods alone knew. But he was prepared for the first fortuitous circumstance. Beneath the table his left hand was in the pocket of his white dinner-jacket, the replica held tightly in the hollow of the palm. With his right hand he lifted his drink and finished it at a swallow. This, too, was necessary for his plan.

"His amazing luck had held. Helena Starrett slipped the diamond guard-ring from her finger. The next instant the emerald was in his hand.

"Only with difficulty had Kip Rainer kept his fingers from shaking. His heart, accustomed as it was to ticklish situations, had pounded violently. This was the biggest job he'd ever undertaken. It might even be his final coup. Small wonder that inwardly he had seethed in a lather of excitement . . ." *This is a story you can't stop reading—"A Good Pair of Hands," by Edwin Rutt.*

MARKET CASINO: *by C. Patrick Thompson*
STRANGE HABITS IN STRANGE PLACES: *by Patrick Balfour*
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HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis"*
LIFE OF A DANCER: *by Winifred Loraine*

Here are some contents in the January issue:

OLD TALES RE-TOLD. "ÆSOP." WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED *by F. Matania, R.I.*
TRAVELLING IN SEARCH OF A STORY: *by Arthur Mills*
"AFRICA IN THE RAW": *by Elinor Mordaunt*
THREE MONTHS IN A GARDEN: *by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde*
"A GOOD PAIR OF HANDS": *by Edwin Rutt*
FIRST DAY OUT: *by Mark Benny (ex-Convict)*

PERSONALLY SPEAKING: *by Jean Burnup*
HOW TO LOOK, WHEN YOU ARE PHOTOGRAPHED
FASHIONS: *by Jean Burnup*
FILM FASHIONS FOR 1938
NO SERVANT PROBLEM: *by Elizabeth Hughes Hallett*
I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW: *by Mary Young*
100 YEARS OF FURNISHING: *by Winifred Lewis*
BETTER COOKING: *by A. H. Adair*
BABY IS BORED: *by Louisa Kay*
MOTORING SECTION: CONDUCTED *by the Earl of Cardigan*

BRITANNIA AND EVE

A MAGAZINE IN KEEPING WITH THE SPIRIT OF TO-DAY

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